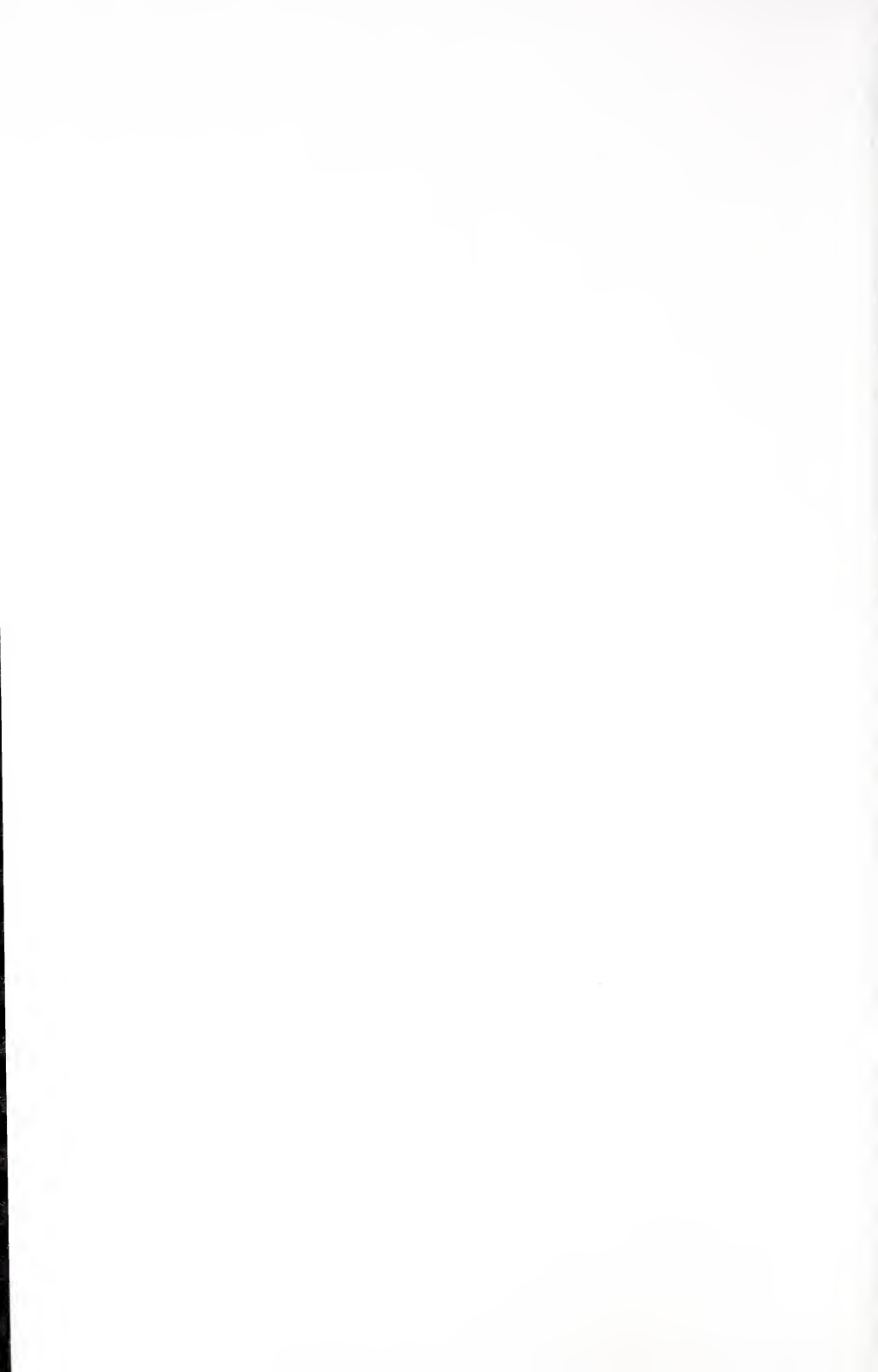




MICROCOSM

XXV 1998



Copiah-Lincoln Community College / Wesson Campus

Microcosm

Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition

1998

Copiah-Lincoln Community College
Wesson, Mississippi

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Microcosm...

is published annually by Copiah-Lincoln Community College, Wesson, MS. The views expressed herein are those of the authors, not of the staff or the advisors. All rights revert to the contributors upon publication. Each year the Division of Humanities of Copiah-Lincoln Community College holds a literary competition for college and area high school students. Selected college entries compete in the Mississippi Community College Creative Writing Association and in the Southern Literary Festival Competitions.

The judges for the 1998 competition include the *Microcosm* Staff, Evelyn Sutton, and Reba Gill. Other members of the English faculty are Sharon Alexander, Edna Earle Crews, Nancy Dykes, Pam Reid, Ashley Bonds, and Durr Walker, Jr., Chairperson for the Humanities Division.

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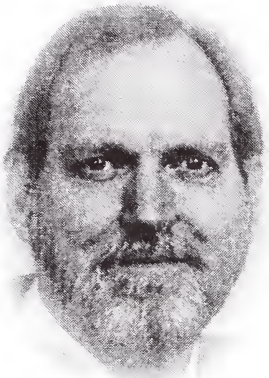
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Hall of Fame



David Guynes

The late David Elbert Guynes, Copiah-Lincoln Community College graduate in 1965, was site manager and curator of the National Park Service's museum and archeological research and storage facility in Washington, D. C. He began working with the Smithsonian Institution in 1982, and in 1984 he joined the Park Service as a museum aide at the storage facility, a repository for collections from historic sites. Mr. Guynes, a native of Crystal Springs, was also a graduate of the University of Southern Mississippi, where he earned a master's degree in American history. He received a second master's degree in museum studies from George Washington University. He served in the Air Force during the Vietnam War. Prior to moving to the Washington area sixteen years ago, he was a contract teacher for Chapman College in California, holding classes in American History and Western Civilization on board Navy ships in the Pacific fleet.

His wife, Susan Remmert, and their two children, Dale and Deena, live in Silver Spring, MD. Polly and Elbert Guynes of Crystal Springs are David's parents.

The Literary Hall of Fame recipient for 1998 illustrates well the importance of writing in a career. Writing well is important not just for the professional "writer," but also for people like David Guynes who believed strongly in his work. The following excerpt from a chapter Mr. Guynes wrote for *The Last Firebase: A Guide to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial* by Lydia Fish shows his concern for the past and his ability to make readers care.

From "The Importance of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Collection at the Museum Archeological and Storage Facility" by David Guynes:

The first professional obligation we have toward the collection is adequate management. Those who manage museum collections are engaged in preserving the material evidence of their cultural history. By preserving such evidence we are obligated to use the object in our care to reveal how the past still lives in them and affects us. Because the Park Service is a government institution, we are not only preserving the material culture of our cultural heritage, we are protecting the public heritage.

It is appropriate that the objects left by visitors to a public site be preserved; they are contributing to the material culture associated with a historic site and "making" its history as a public monument. It is apparent that at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial visitors are doing much more. They are consciously documenting their own experiences during an

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important period in our culture's history. They are providing us with the documents to tell the social history of the Vietnam War generation.

What better opportunity to collect than the response of visitors to a public monument? Visitors to this memorial sometimes make pilgrimages across the entire country to come and find their individual loved one's name on the face of a black granite wall. There they have private communion with the past. That they feel compelled to leave a remembrance is history's good fortune. ...

The meaning of the objects is not preeminent, nor is it obvious. Like archeologists, we are left to generally extract utility for the sake of information about the past of the people who left them there. We could study them as art, stressing qualitative matters for the sake of intrinsic meaning, the human experience expressed in the things....

These are no longer objects at the Wall, they are communications, icons possessing a substructure of underpinning emotion. They are the products of culture, in all its complexities. They are the products of individual selection. With each object are in the presence of a work of art of individual contemplation. The thing itself does not overwhelm our attention since these are objects that are common and expendable. At the Wall they have become unique and irreplaceable, and yes, mysterious....

Each object is like kinetic energy stored in that there were forces in history that compelled the individual visitor to go to the wall and to place his or her object along the path in front. The nature of the object not only embraces the "here and now" of the individual, but is also a means of transmission and communion with that person's past....No other public monument gathers its visitors into the same instant of simultaneous "then" and "now"....

As the collection's curators, we can think of the objects' meanings as stored, latent by virtue of their being left where they were, as accumulations. The fabric of their own past is being undone, exposed publicly, in the same way the country as a whole may be in the process of weaving a new concept of itself to replace the old. It is the past that is ultimately the most real thing at the Wall. The Wall is truly a connection, a bridge across the void between the past and the present, the instant of actuality created at the central apex of the Wall where the first and last names meet.

His love for writing extended into his personal life. His mother, wife and children have letters David wrote them throughout the years. These letters have acquired renewed importance since David Guynes died of an heart attack when he was only 51, on January 30, 1997.

Highlights of his career with the National Parks Service:

- ◆ Extensive renovation and expansion of MARS' storage structures over the entire span of his career

- ◆ Soon after arriving at MARS, he identified the existence of chemically treated wood in storage structures and successfully lobbied for its removal.

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- ◆ Taught classes on museum storage onsite at MARS for Park Service employees from various locations around the country.
- ◆ Was interviewed about the Vietnam Veteran's Memorial collection (stored at MARS) by Ted Koppel for Nightline.
- ◆ Was consulted on issues of museum storage and pest management by professional in his field, both within and without the NPS. From time to time even the Smithsonian sought his advise. Curators from the Great Pyramid of Egypt found David had much to offer them and altered the professional tour plan set up for them to have more time with him.
- ◆ Worked closely with consultants hired by the NPS to design a new/replace-ment storage facility in Harper's Ferry, W. VA. This project was in the planning stages for over a year, but never reached fruition because of economic changes in the government that called for restructuring and down-sizing. David received a Special Achievement award in 1993 for his large contribution to that project (M*A*R*S II)
- ◆ Publications: Two articles for "Grist," the NPS' Park Practices publication. Article on old-fashioned housekeeping methods for museum collections in 1995 edition of "CRM," the NPS' Cultural Resource Management magazine. A 1997 article on "Managing Household Pest the Old-fashioned Way" in Canada's "Material History Review." This was a further expansion on principles covered in the CRM article. For this last article, David received acknowledgment from the then outgoing Director of the National Park Service, Roger Kennedy.
- ◆ Was the 1997 recipient of the Horace M. Albright-Conrad L. Wirth Em-ployee Development Fund. This provided a research grant to David that enabled him to pursue even more his love of research and libraries. He spent many hours at the Library of Congress, and the libraries of the University of Maryland, Catholic University and the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Avocational Interest:

He became interested in megaliths/dolmens, also known as rocking stones, in the early 1980's. He published an article on that subject in the journal of the New England Antiquarian and Research Association (NEARA) in 1985, and he was a speaker at the NEARA conference in 1988 at Hampton, VA.

Preface

The 1997-1998 *Microcosm* staff presents the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition of Copiah-Lincoln Community College's first literary magazine. Volume XXV features writing from college students, area high school students, and *Microcosm* alumni.

Since the first edition of *Microcosm* in the 1973-1974 school year, the magazine has published the writing of hundreds of talented student writers. Because we believe writing needs to be read, we have provided several outlets for student writing. For ten years the staff published two volumes of *Microcosm*, one in the fall and one in the spring. Beginning with Volume X in the spring of 1983, we began publishing only one volume. Shortly after this, a creative writing class decided to publish a limited number of an in-house publication at first named "Private Collections." The next year the staff decided to rename the student-produced magazine "Bits & Pieces" and to produce it in the fall and spring semesters. This year marks the seventeenth anniversary of "Bits & Pieces."

The *Microcosm* staff was fortunate to receive a gift from the family of the late Dr. Henry Hardy Perritt in 1987 to purchase our first computer. It was the family's wish that students have access to technology enabling them to explore many possibilities in writing and publication. Because of this gift, dedicated editors and staff members have made those dreams come true. Of course, the original computer has long since become obsolete, but the administration has provided *Microcosm* with a state-of-the-art machine periodically.

Because of the computer the *Microcosm* staff has in our office, students on the staff can learn desk-top publishing. Last year our award-winning "Bits & Pieces" and *Microcosm* were "set up" on desk-top publishing programs by Cory Hux and Scott Reynolds. This year Pam Whitaker set-up "Bits & Pieces" first semester, and Stephanie Barlow set up both "Bits & Pieces" and *Microcosm* second semester. Before these students decided to "learn by going where they have to go" Tom Ross, *Microcosm* advisor, did all of the layout for *Microcosm*. As the students become more and more independent, his work decreases.

Theda Laird worked with "Bits & Pieces" first semester encouraging the staff to include a new section of writing for children. Because of her interest in this genre, we enlarged the children's section this semester and featured the children's art work from the Day Care Program on the cover and inside the magazine. "Bits & Pieces" used art work from the pottery classes to illustrate the fall issue. Lillie Shannon, faculty secretary for Smith Hall, has helped with both magazines over most of these years and without her valuable help both the advisors and the staff would flounder.

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In the fall of 1978 the Mississippi Junior College Association approved and funded the Mississippi Junior College Creative Writing Association, which has sponsored an annual writing competition for the state community colleges. In the first workshop Copiah-Lincoln won first place awards for Tommy Douglas's informal essay and for the late Terrell Oliver's literary essay. Both of these students were from Hazlehurst. Anita Weeks of Wesson won second place for short fiction and Tammy Lyons of Crystal Springs received honorable mention in short fiction. The Junior College Journal printed the first and second place award winners in the fall of 1979. Terry Goetz of Brookhaven designed the award winning cover for the journal.

That initial year in the MJCCWA (now MCCCWA) set a pattern which Copiah-Lincoln has continued. We have printed in the appendix a chart showing the winners and the editors over the last 25 years. We wanted to write each one of these so that we could give an up-date on their lives and their writing. That proved to be an impossible task for us. We asked Tommy Douglas, who was our first state winner, to write again for *Microcosm*. We believe you will enjoy his latest "attempt."

We have also included a limited "alumni update" section from other former writers. We invite readers to help us find former student writers. Next year we would like to include a longer update feature about our alumni.

Because of limited space, we are unable to print the honorable mention entries from our high school competition; however, we will print these in "Bits & Pieces" XVIII next fall. These will include the following:

- Dorothy Ford, "15 -- Love," Poetry
Lawrence County High School
- Jeremy Robbins, "Peer Pressure," Poetry
Lawrence County High School
- Amy Brownlee, "The Influences of Family," Literary Essay
Wesson Attendance Center
- Adam Miller, "The Ring Forms a Full Circle," Fiction
Lawrence County High School
- Jennifer Sanders, "The Picture," Fiction
Wesson Attendance Center

Deer Hunting

George Derovan

Deer hunting, in its best form, can be one of the most enjoyable and challenging of all outdoor sports. The time and effort that goes into deer hunting can be unbelievable as any deer hunter who does not cheat can tell you. If you expect to be successful without dozens of dogs and even more hunters, you really have to do your homework and know your equipment. Check out different hunting spots before the season and choose the best ones before others do. Clean and check your firearms; common sense would tell you that if your weapon is not working properly you will not be very successful, unless you have really fast feet and can swing the heck out of a tree limb. Sight in your rifle or pattern your shotgun; if you cannot hit what you are shooting at you won't be killing anything but time. Finding out where deer feed early in the season will also help out. It is also very important to find out exactly when the rut occurs because deer, like a man, are more vulnerable to ruin when it comes to the opposite sex.

The most important thing to remember when you hit the field is to follow some basic safety rules. Most hunters and I learned these when we were very young, probably before we found out that a gun does not require batteries. These basic rules (although off the top of my head) should make your hunt much safer and more enjoyable.

(1) Use a safe firearm; that is, make sure it is in good condition and that it has at least one safety mechanism (hammerlock and or button safety). Do not take a chance on an old gun that may have a warped barrel or a weak stock.

(2) Be careful of where you point your gun. Keep your gun pointed skyward or downward and definitely never point it at anybody even if it is not loaded. Sometimes a round will fail to eject at the last unloading and wind up in the chamber at the worst time.

(3) Keep your fluorescent orange on until you are out of the woods and in your vehicle. Some drunk redneck may think that whatever is big, makes a lot of noise, and does not have orange on, must be a deer.

(4) Do not wander around too much at one time; you would be surprised at how easy it is to get lost in the woods.

(5) Do not shoot at anything until you are sure of what it is and what is behind it.

(6) Get everyone in your party to agree on the territory they will hunt and stick to. This will allow you to know where the other hunters are so that you

can determine whether or not it is safe to shoot in a particular direction. It would also be a good idea to know where everybody is in case of an emergency.

(7) Beware of snakes early in the season.

(8) Be careful where you tread; some areas have holes where you can break a leg and some you can fall into and sustain even worse injury.

When it is finally time to go, remember that you are up against a clever and highly adaptable creature. They are excellent survivors. You would have had a hard time finding one a long time ago because of poaching and the sudden changes in the environment. But because of their cleverness and adaptability, they now flourish. I can tell you a lot from my own experience. Deer have sharp senses. They can smell a hunter from hundreds of yards away, they can hear better than any dog, and they have eyesight that allows them to see ultra violet light (this will make you appear to glow to deer in low light conditions). They combine these with their tremendous speed and intelligence to give them a definite advantage.

I witnessed an example of these assets coming together. I heard a pack of hunting dogs in the distance when a doe (illegal to shoot at the time) came crashing through the woods. The deer made a huge circle and left out in another direction. This gave the deer plenty of time to get far away. This strategy can wreak havoc on a person's hunt too. If you jump a deer, it is likely to make this huge circle to get you downwind so that it can smell you or to get behind you rather than in front of you. You will be thinking that you are trailing a deer but in reality he will have track of you and be behind you heading the other way.

Many beginners have a rough time even finding a deer. One common mistake that hunters make is the assumption that you will see a whole deer perfectly. This is not always the case since deer have excellent camouflage and will not move unless they think you will spot them. Sometimes you have to look for parts of a deer's anatomy such as the white around the nose or the white lining of the tail. You also need to observe movement closely.

There are ways to combat a deer's defenses. You can buy many different products that can help even up the score at just about any sporting goods store. Attractant scents such as doe scents will bring the bucks running in your direction. You can also buy calls that reproduce the sound of various deer calls. Like anything else, you have to know how to use these things to be successful. The instructions usually come with the product.

A proven method of increasing your chances of bagging a deer is by using dogs. The dogs will flush the deer out of hiding and get their minds off you, providing more opportunities for a shot at one. I believe that this method is the most successful way to get a deer, but it can also be a disadvantage since they can easily drive deer away from you rather than to you.

As a person who loves the outdoors as well as the hunt, I think it would be fitting to include some of the things that threaten our sport. Some folks continue

to abuse the game. I have heard people talk about killing illegal deer and of people ignoring bag limits. Such disrespect can have a huge effect on the population of the game. It also gives hunters a bad rap that gives anti-hunters “ammunition” to take our hunting privileges away.

Another thing that most hunters see is the disappearing of habitat and the damage to our environment. This has been going on since the steamboat first started to spread the ambitions of mankind. Writers as early as William Faulkner wrote about the damage being done to the environment in the introduction to Big Woods: The Hunting Stories. We have been destroying our environment for money and forgetting the natural world that still basically supports us. For me deer hunting gets me closer to this, and I see first hand how the natural forests are disappearing and the effects of pollution. I think most hunters will agree with me. I believe that if we all do what we know is right while we are out there we can defend this great part of our heritage.



Ms. Amelia

Diane Walker

Character: Woman at Workout World

Scene: Workout World located in the heart of a small town. The fitness center is for women only and it is equipped with the standard aerobic stations, exercise bikes, and workout benches. Several ladies are scattered on stage doing various exercises. As the narrator moves to the center stage, the lights dim and the ladies begin to slow down their routine, while the narrator begins the story.

Woman: One, two, three, one, one, two, three, two.... Whew! All of this fitness is a hard way to tone up. I hate coming to this place, but I've kept coming because of Ms. Amelia. She's an eighty-year-old grandmother who's kept us here at Workout World on our toes.

Five days a week at 10:00 a.m. sharp, she walked through the door. Amelia was full of stories she had created and she shared them with all who would listen. Ms. Amelia was our inspiration during our exercising routines.

Her greatest story, as we called it, was about her desire to become a prostitute at the age of sixteen, but her dad would not allow it. According to Ms. Amelia, she had wanted to become a prostitute to make quick money. At the age of eighteen, she was married. She told us that after her first week of marriage, she was glad she didn't pursue her dream because she wouldn't have liked lying on her back that much. With that statement, all of the exercising came to an abrupt halt in mid-routine and laughter erupted.

(Ladies halt and begin to laugh. As narrator moves toward the audience, ladies take a seat at their workout stations.)

Woman: Yep. Ms. Amelia was quite a gal. She would talk continually about how she loved life. *(Shaking her finger at audience, narrator continues.)* "One can never be too careful when it comes to living right. One slip and the old devil will step up to bat and hit a home run. *(Pretends to swing a bat)* He'll wrap you up and eat you alive." *(Wraps her arms around herself and takes a bite at the audience)* Her philosophy on life was enlightening to all that

entered Workout World.

Ms. Amelia was a woman who seldom frowned. She told us that she had to laugh to keep from crying. "I've been alone darn near twenty years now," she said. "Abner ran off with the cashier at the supermarket. I guess she rang his bell better than I did, but what the heck, he was getting boring anyway." (*Laughter from the ladies sitting*) After Abner left, her life was in limbo. Apparently Workout World was just what she needed. Ms. Amelia told me just the other day that she had lost only thirty pounds, but had gained thirty more wrinkles. As she tightened her headband she said, "Oh well, at my age, honey, who cares."

(Ladies get up from their break and continue to exercise quietly, as narrator moves to an exercise bike and props on the handlebar.)

Woman: Another time she told us about her son Phil and how he loved to travel down steep hillsides to sandy bottoms where he can search for arrowheads. He collects them and mounts them on boards for display. People have admired his collections for a lot of years. According to Ms. Amelia, Phil also had a rare collection of old books and if you were to visit his apartment, you would have to browse through most of them before he would let you leave. Some of them were passed from generation to generation and others he collected from resale shops and garage sales. At his age you would think he would be married.

Most fifty-five-year-old men I know are married, or at least have a prospect. Not Phil. He is different. He seems to have a problem drawing the attention of women and I would be willing to bet that it had something to do with that music-playing microwave Ms. Amelia told us about. (*Shrugs shoulder, leaves bike, and moves to other side of stage.*)

Besides being a collector of old books and arrowheads, he has a technological side to him too. He programmed his microwave to play tunes. If you ask me, that is why he can't keep a woman's attention. Besides, I sure wouldn't want to wake up to the tune of "Do You Want to Make Love or Do You just Want to Fool Around?" and go to bed to the tune of, "What Am I Living for?" He sounds like he may be a case for the psych ward.

(Ladies take a break and move toward the narrator who moves toward center stage. They take a seat to the side of narrator as she continues.)

Woman: Now, Molly is a whole different part of her mom. She

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had the attitude that her mom owes her for being born and that her mom was supposed to take care of her punk-rock daughter Alissa. According to Ms. Amelia, Alissa has these purple, green and blue spikes growing out of her head, wears leather and chains, and despises anyone over the age of thirty.

Ms. Amelia loves her children and grandchild, but she is getting to the point where she wants to scream. She was furious with Molly because she would not attempt to do anything inside of the house, and Lord forbid if her mom asked her to do anything outside! At this point Molly was unhappy because the town was threatening to sue her for all of the times they had cut her grass. The town wanted Molly to pay for the times they had cut the grass or go to court. Alissa thinks her mom should tell them where to stick their lawn mower. She has grown used to the tall grass because it serves as a privacy wall for her basement bedroom, which she has turned into the “cool” room for her friends.

Molly had found a part time job at night, and Alissa thought she would be on easy street, but with a grandmother like Amelia, she didn't have a prayer. Another one of her stories relates to Alissa and her friends.

(Ladies return to their workout stations and narrator moves back to the center of the stage. Lights get a little brighter.)

Woman: Once they all took her out to eat and her grand coach was the side cart attached to a Harley. Alissa's boy friend turned the curves at such a high rate of speed that her dress blew over her face. Instead of shouting at him, she laughed with them and from that moment on, Alissa had the “coolest” grandmother in town.

Another time, Alissa and her friends asked Ms. Amelia to go to Pizza Palace with them. After their meal they rode out to the lake. Ms. Amelia looked out over the open water and thought about the time she and Abner had gone skinny-dipping. While Alissa and her boyfriend were out on the pier, she took off her clothes and waded into the water. Alissa was totally embarrassed. All of her friends laughed along with Ms. Amelia, but they insisted she get her clothes back on so they could go home. The next day Ms. Amelia was not feeling well and Alissa reminded her about her late night swim and how it was too cold for her to have been out in the water.

Ms. Amelia had to be hospitalized. Molly was upset but Phil thought the entire escapade of nude swimming was funny. As it turned out Ms. Amelia did not recover: I understand from Alissa and Phil that she died a happy woman.

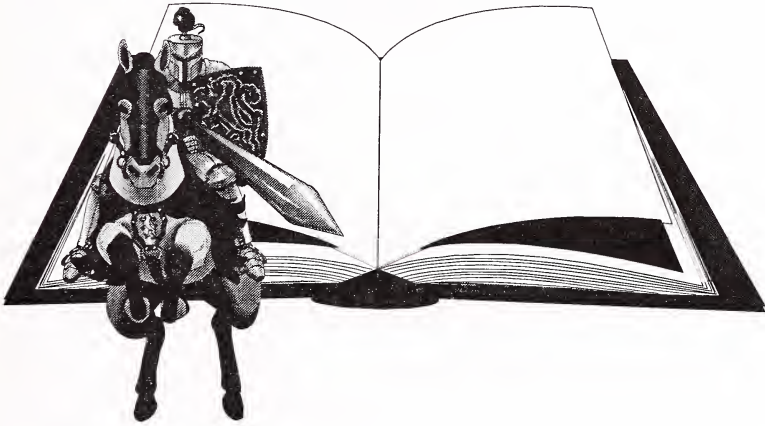
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(Ladies stop exercising and go to center stage on both sides of the narrator.)

Woman: Today it is 10:30 a.m. and Workout World is silent. *(Lights slowly fading)* Ms. Amelia died last night and all of the funny stories and amusing anecdotes have come to a halt.

(All begin to slowly exercise)

Woman: As we exercise in silence, I can still hear the echo in my ear...One, two, three, one, one two three, two...*(Lights fade completely out)*



Illustrator: Catherine Sutton

Did tall grass ever sway more freely

Daniel Holloway

Did tall grass ever sway more freely
Than that day
As the same wind that miscues young girls' hair
Left its frantic race
To gently dance about that sun tipped field
Of golden stalks
And to fancifully free the fairy like tips
Of the Whirling Dervishes
To whistle among the reeds
The brown ones that grow in the shallows
Near to the pond's edge
The same ones that harbor the laden dragonfly
Green, gossamer-like wings held out like crucifixes
Towards the falling sun
And hear the splash
And watch the expanding wave of rings
As a Largemouth rose to meet it
To hear the songs of wild birds
Who had never eaten from a hand
And show themselves only when they so choose
To see the world hold still its cycles
So that a brown leaf may settle silently
Like a tired child being laid to bed
Upon the calmness of the water's surface

Dinner's on the Table

Robin M. Boyd

Dinner's on the table.
The twins are watching TV.
I'm sitting at the kitchen bar
with a cup of coffee.

Beside me the phone rings.
The clock says 6:30, already late.
Without answering it, I know he's going to say,
"Gotta work. Be home after 8."

Sighing, I put the kids to bed.
He thinks that I don't know what's going on.
But he gave himself away,
with his smiles and the subtle scents he brings home.

Dinner's on the table.
The boys just left for prom.
I'm sitting in bed,
waiting for him to come home.

I know he's going to be late.
I'd be surprised if he wasn't.
If there's one thing I know after 18 years,
it's my husband.

Over the years, I've noticed many things...
shades of red on his collar,
new scents every few months,
the numerous times he's denied her.

Dinner's on the table.
And the boys are gone.
I'm standing in my closet,
deciding what to put on.

To celebrate our time together,
there are candles ready to light.

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But from looking at the clock,
I know they won't be tonight.

Dinner's on the table.
And as I close the door,
the telephone rings.
But I'm not waiting anymore.



Illustrator: Lyndie McClelland

Lorraine Hansberry's *A Raisin in the Sun*, A Political Statement

Robin Lofton

Lorraine Hansberry, a contemporary African-American playwright, journalist, and editor, made her infamous literary debut in 1959 with the production of *A Raisin in the Sun* and continued her short and successful career as a playwright until her death in 1965. She gained literary attention as the first black woman to be produced on Broadway and claimed much attention as the first African-American dramatist to win the New York Drama Critics Circle Award in 1959 as expressed in information in the book Contemporary Black American Playwrights and Their Plays by Bernard Peterson, Jr. (222). Her literary aspiration gained worldwide attention as she focused on subjects and themes that affected many minorities and ethnic groups. It was through some of Hansberry's efforts that the spark of interest for Civil Rights evolved into a full-fledged flame for the interest of rights for all people, not just minorities. According to James Hatch, the black theater of the late 1950's and early 1960's reflected an increasing militancy. This is expressed in the foreword of Contemporary Black American Playwrights and Their Plays (x). Therefore, Lorraine Hansberry, famous African-American literature playwright, contributed much of her talent in promoting civil rights, dramatizing Pan-Americanism, and supporting the feminist movement.

Lorraine Hansberry's promotion of civil rights is clearly expressed in themes throughout her plays. Her most famous play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, describes the emotions felt and the social situations confronted by an African-American family in the late 1950's as they sought the achievement of their "American dream" of owning their own house in a reputable subdivision in Southside Chicago. Hansberry based this play upon her own family experiences as a child from Southside Chicago. Her father moved his family into a predominantly white neighborhood twenty years earlier. There, the Hansberry family was subjected to various acts of violence and racist remarks until her father took his housing case to the United States Supreme Court as a discrimination case known as *Hansberry v Lee*. This case set the precedent for housing discrimination suits that followed. The video "The Black Experience in the Creation of

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Drama” describes Lorraine Hansberry’s normal childhood and provides the details of this court case which yielded much of the background for the conflict and plot of her play *A Raisin in the Sun* . This play demonstrated the realism in theater (Lorraine Hansberry video).

Hansberry’s works also dramatizes the political aspect which encompassed the African-American culture and helps others understand the underlying themes throughout her literary contributions. During her childhood her family associated with black leaders such as Langston Hughes, Paul Robeson, and W.E.B. DuBois. Her adult association with DuBois provides the background and information on African-American history and culture. She studied under him after she left the University of Wisconsin and moved to New York City. DuBois provided the intellectual stimulation needed for her in terms of discovering for herself the realities facing a young African-American woman in the mid-twentieth century.

Upon relocating to New York City from Wisconsin, Hansberry settled into Harlem, the predominantly black section of the city. Hansberry’s depiction of Harlem is an example of how she lives and focuses on the diversity of social situations that separates the ethnic groups of those living there. It was there in 1950 she secured a job as a reporter for the newspaper Freedom. During this time, also, she wrote notes in her journal about the life styles of those around her. This gave her the idea to use Langston Hughes’ poem “Harlem” for her opening in *A Raisin in the Sun* as written in Literature: Reading Fiction, Poetry, Drama, and the Essay :

What happens to a dream deferred?
Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore-
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust and sugar over-
Like a syrupy sweet?
Maybe it just sags
Like a heavy load.
Or does it explode. (DiYanni 1393)

This poem depicts the despair African Americans of the 1950’s faced when confronting racial discrimination through the enforcement of the Jim Crow laws. These situations only strengthened Hansberry’s underlying themes of overcoming racial inequality and achieving part of the American dream.

Lorraine Hansberry’s characters reflect her own individualism and host the need for creativity and acceptance by others throughout one’s life. Characters like Beneatha Younger from Hansberry’s *A Raisin in the Sun* exemplify

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Hansberry's own individualism and her desire for the growth of the early feminist movement. As illustrated in The Oxford Companion to African American Literature, Beneatha Younger is quite like Lorraine Hansberry at age twenty. The character seeks to find her own identity and challenges typical gender roles when she desires to attend medical school, and even in such personal ways as wearing her hair natural, in the style of an Afro, rather than seeking to straighten it like white women (Andrews et al. 56).

Another political affiliation demonstrated in *A Raisin in the Sun* is Hansberry's association with the Pan-African Movement. This movement is the belief that all people of African descent share common interests and should work together to conquer prejudices against their race. In her years of study under W.E.B. DuBois, she learned quite a lot of Pan-African ideas from him and used these ideas in her work in the forthcoming years. Many people continue following the ideas set forth from Hansberry's plays using themes based on what she witnessed firsthand in her struggle as an African-American female playwright.

Throughout her life Hansberry influenced many with her ideas on racism and inequality by including these topics in her literary work. Although she succumbed to cancer at an early age of thirty-five, she left memorable literary contributions that people young and old and black and white highly value. Although *A Raisin in the Sun* was originally produced almost forty years ago, its impact on civil rights conflicts, marital and generational conflicts, materialism, women's rights, and the pursuance of the American Dream strongly remain. For whatever reasons people admire and respect Lorraine Hansberry's literary contributions, only those who deeply believe and appreciate her underlying themes will truly grasp her heartfelt intention of socially expressing and acknowledging the needs of the minorities.

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Missing So Much

Robin M. Boyd

Joey and I went for a ride yesterday.
He was crying and I was at my wit's end,
so I thought "What would Sara do?"
That's easy. Why, you'd escape, so we did.
I loaded him up in the truck
and we drove for hours, going nowhere.
We stopped and saw Aunt Mary,
...she asked how you were...
We went out to Ole Man Doc's,
...he gave "the baby" a dime...
Some things never change.
On the way home, we passed the Frozen Lake.
I thought about you and told Joey about you falling in,
but he didn't hear me.
After I put him to bed, I saw your picture.
Sitting in his rocker, I thought,
"Why did you have to leave? You're missing so much."



Illustrator: Justin Moak



Illustrator: Susan Baskin



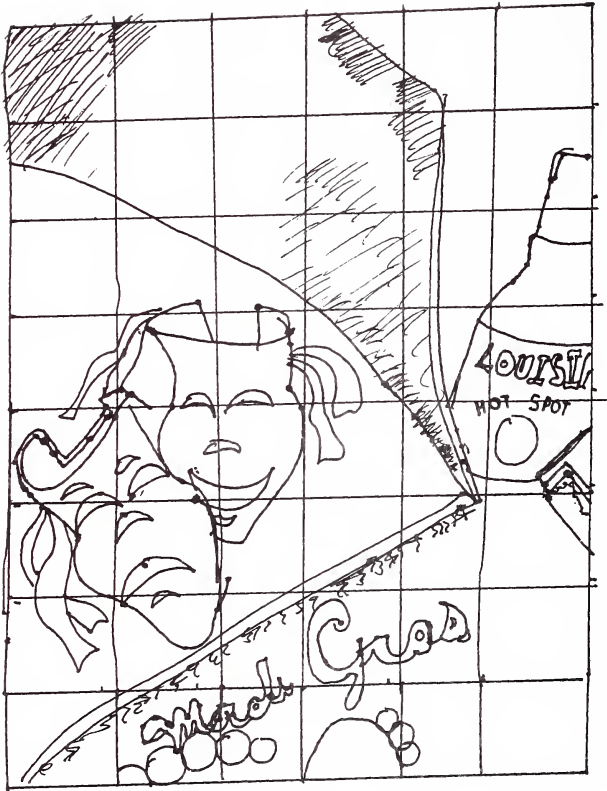
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Rene's Story

Jose David Alvarez

He is in his early twenties. He has brown hair, dark eyes, thick eyebrows, thin lips, slender nose, small ears, and the typical Hispanic colored skin. He is about 175 pounds and 6 feet high. He is some kind of handsome-young-man-without-a-girlfriend. But despite all his exterior characteristics, he has a more beautiful and well-developed one inside his heart: his love for life.

He is a foreigner in his last semester of community college who has been out of his country long enough to catch up with his new language and to get used to his new American life. At first, when he got here, he was a little confused about everything. The difference between cultures was driving him crazy: Thanksgiving Day? Biscuits? Monday Night Football? What was this? Fortunately, he started to understand what was going on. Then, he had to deal with his pronunciation: "I'm having some problems with my malformation. Oops! I mean, my pronunciation," or "Oh yeah, I saw that one. *Jurassic Fart.*" It was rough but he learned a lot from his mistakes.

He lives off campus and doesn't have a lot of friends. His apartment is about ten miles south from his college. He has been living with his best friend since he came to this country. She is called Loneliness. But he doesn't care about that matter much, though. He has fun by himself and besides he knows that his beloved family and a bunch of friends wait for him in his native land.

Every week his parents contact him by phone to check how he is getting along with his life. His father is a nice guy who gives him advice on how to take care of everything, especially the car he bought for his son. "You be careful, son. How is the car? Remember to warm it up every morning. By the way, remember to buy me shoes and coats because I'm lacking some." He has about six hundred pairs of shoes and more coats than all the business men in China together. His mother is another case. Always telling him what to do for his welfare.

"How are you, son? Listen, are you taking care of yourself? I hope you are. What about food? Are you eating enough healthy food? I don't want you to come back home so skinny and with stomach problems. By the way when was the last time you defecated? What was the color of it? Remember to wash your hands after you do that."

She is the typical Hispanic lady taking care of her only male son. Of course there is a daughter who is already married and living in another

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foreign country, but that's another story. After hanging up the phone, Rene, as he is called, always sits for a minute, smiles and thinks how much he loves his parents.

His life in America is now as normal as it can be. It is a routine to be accurate. He wakes up, goes to school, comes back home, studies some more, and goes to bed to dream about what he likes the most to dream about: flying. Since he was a kid, he has loved that extraterrestrial character with red boots, blue suit, and a red cape. I believe he is called Superman. But Rene's dreams are not about flying around and saving the world. His dreams are more like being free in the clouds, about being blown by the wind in a flowing and tranquil motion; in other words, about being free with no worries.

He also has more realistic dreams. For example that dream of becoming a moviemaker. Yes, he wants to be called "Steven Spielberg Jr." or something like that. Rene's dream is special. Unlike many youngsters who flee from their homes and schools to pursue an acting career in one of those crowded and wild cities, he is building up his knowledge and doing everything as he is supposed to. Maybe patience is another good friend of his. I remember the first time he told me what he wanted to be when he grew up. We were about fourteen when he said; "I want to be a porno-moviemaker." Hey! That was the best idea he could come up with. Besides, what could you expect from boys in the middle of their puberty? Later on he changed this idea for the more "moralistic" one.

Well, right now there is no ending for Rene's story. He is working hard for success in his life, and of course, he is working on a nice ending for his story. Good luck, Rene!

Lodge

Daniel Holloway

“We’ll find out if it’s the last thing we do.”

Ryan’s word hung in the air, not because of their meaning, but because of the horrible, God-forsaken humidity. Although the thermometers that hung next to virtually every home in town read ninety four, the moisture laced into each breath made it feel more like a hundred and six. But, the citizens of Bluehill, Mississippi, had grown used to the weather over the years. Either gotten used to it or fled, tail between legs dripping with sweat, toward northern destinations. Toward hard frozen grounds, stopping only to purchase scrappers, with which they would remove the ice sheets that they prayed would form on their windshields before sun down.

We called them traitors.

At ten years old there is no life beyond the borders of our small town, and no existence except that which requires a pole and a hook at dawn and a tree with limbs placed by God especially for climbing. The smell of wild wind through a dense pine wood. Not like those harsh, artificial smells that accompanied the overpriced anti-bacterial cleaners that our mothers bought. No, this was sweeter. As if the earth itself had baked cookies, or a young girl, mouth red with peppermint, had breathed into your ear. Bullfrogs in reeds, and the whimsical dance of fireflies, accompanied only by the symphony of crickets that set up a band stand in the pyracantha near the corners of the house. Ticks on dogs and ice cream in chilly spoons on warm, moonlight nights. Overalls with dark patches growing from the knees, and initials, carved with your own pocket knife, on the china berry tree. No. There is no other life.

There were families with set meal times, and porch swings, and friends who were like brothers.

And then there was the day that we all gathered in the field across the road from the Bluehill Masonic Lodge, and made our plans.

Denny pulled his shirt away from his chest, forcing it to release its adhesive grip to his torso. He brought the shining, silver collapsible telescope up to his brown eyes, and took a long look at the red brick building, “You really think there’s a way to find out.” His voice showed no signs of doubt. It was widely accepted that whatever we put our minds to we would eventually do. Hail or high water.

Ryan was the oldest, although only by three months, and so he was our leader. He was also the most sexually experienced of our group, which meant he had once kissed a girl on the lips. Now he stood and spoke in a

voice that was not a bad imitation of George Wallace, "We shall discover their secrets!"

"I wanna see them drink from the skull," I said, taking the telescope from Denny.

"They don't do that," Denny snapped back as I extended the cylinder and focused it on the second floor window. The one just above the mystic G and compass.

"Yes they do," Ryan chimed in.

"See," I said, "I told you. First they get a victim, usually a wealthy Yankee with lots of money and one of those little circular glass things that are attached to their vest and it fits over one eye."

Ryan picked up a nearby stick and began to wildly swing it in the air, "Yeah, and then they all take out their ceremonial daggers and lash out at him as he tries to get away."

I nodded.

Ryan continued, "But Yankees are slow. So they eventually catch him and . . .," he stabbed the crooked limb into the soft ground at the base of the hill that was our cover, ". . . they kill him."

"They kill him," Denny whispered, eyes wide with wonder and horror.

"They kill him, and cut off his head too," I added.

"Sometimes," Ryan said, inching toward the shocked boy, "they'll cut off his balls."

Denny's mouth could have opened no wider, "Cut off his balls!?"

"Then they drink his blood from his own skull!"

We collected the few items we had carried with us and, after coaxing Denny a little, began the walk back toward the east edge of town, and our homes. It would take about ten minutes, and only that long because we would stop at the creek along the way to check the rusted trap we had found and placed in the shallows earlier that morning. I had hopes of a huge creek bass. One that would feed us for days. Or maybe a . . .

"Doesn't the government do anything?"

It was Denny again. He always had been somewhat of a coward, only climbing a tree after Ryan and I had scaled to a reasonable height. The tone that was in his voice at those times was also present in his question.

"Huh?"

Denny plucked a nearby branch and placed it in his mouth. "I was just wondering why the government doesn't do something about all that stuff they do at the lodge."

I placed my hands flat in front of me, trying as best I could to explain to the lesser informed just what transpires. "Because the government is in on it too."

"Even the president," Ryan chimed.

"The president's the one who tells them when and who to get. It's a high-

ranking thing. Like that Kennedy Assassination. As a matter of fact, Ryan's grandpa believes that the Shriners are the ones that killed old J.F.K. Isn't that right, Ryan?"

"Sure is."

It wasn't till later that I stopped and noticed that maybe the only thing Ryan's granddad enjoyed more than telling stories was lifting a bottle of Jack Daniel's to his lips.

The trap was empty, probably because of the massive hole in the left hand side, but Denny's mind must have been full, and no doubt churning like that creek did after an unusually hard spring rain.

"What'll they do to us if they catch us?" he asked, a worried look quickly spreading across his pudgy face.

"Kill us," Ryan said, and I laughed. I don't, no matter how hard I try, remember Denny laughing.

We stopped at Harold's Grocery and waved to Harold and Donnie, the two oldest people we knew. They had apparently made a living out of checkers, conversation, and empty coke bottles. I picked up one of the many bottle caps that littered the dirt at the edge of the porch and flipped it lazily into the sun, which was by now beginning to fall from its pedestal.

"You boys stayin' outta trouble ain'tcha," Donnie called as we began to turn the corner that led back toward Almond Road and our houses. We didn't even think about his question, only answered in unison that could be the envy of any masterful Chicago choir, "Yes sir."

The swifts were darting from their clinging mud huts in the back of the store, and I watched them as Ryan pulled us close and whispered to us what we would do.

"Tomorrow afternoon," he began, "is the first meeting of the month. One of us is going to have to sneak in, hide somewhere, and listen to all they say. Then when it's over, come out and relay the tale to the rest of us." He smiled, proud of his oration.

"Sounds like a plan," I whispered back, just to have something to say. He looked at me, eyes wide with pride, "It is."

"I don't know. . .," it was Denny. But it soon became apparent that he would not finish his sentence. Ryan would not allow that.

"We'll meet back here at one thirty. That's little hand one, big hand six, okay? We'll be set up and ready for action by two. That's when the meeting starts. I heard Grandma tell Ms. Polk that over the phone last Tuesday."

"Okay, lets do it," I was genuinely excited with the thought of discovering all those secret rituals and secret passwords. Maybe we'd even find an old snake skeleton or some cow horns that were used as bugles.

I skipped off toward my house and heard Ryan call good-bye. I waved. Neither one of us saw Denny throw the stick on which he'd been chewing

and shove his dirty thumb into his mouth before turning and dropping into a dead run for the safety of his house. And the crickets began to rub their legs together.

"He's just sick," she repeated again with further prodding. "It's a really high fever. Probably all that wallowing around ya'll did yesterday. He is allergic to certain plants."

At ten you become a reporter anytime you speak to an adult about your friends.

"What's he allergic to?" Ryan asked.

She rolled her eyes, "I'm really not sure."

"Could he die?" Ryan questioned again.

"I really don't think so. He's just breaking out and having a little trouble breathing."

"Why's that?" I asked this time.

She let the screen door close a little more, a signal that the interrogation would now end. "Because whatever he's allergic to makes him swell up. That includes the tube he breathes with." She smiled here. "Now I really need to get back top him. I'll tell him you came by. . . ."

Ryan shouted out, "And we hope he gets well soon."

". . . and you hope he gets well soon."

"We have a mission," I said.

She smiled before slamming the screen door in our faces.

There was really nothing to do. Without Denny we had no plan. I sure couldn't lift Ryan to that window, and the door was always locked. We supposed our adventure with death was not to be, or at least postponed.

We walked to the creek to check the trap and imagine my delight as I lifted it and saw the gleaming colors of a young bass. We had become hunters. Mighty men of the mountains. Next we would have to grow beards and get chest hair.

Ryan lifted the slimy catch. "What do we do with him?" he asked, staring into the fish's face.

"We kill it," I stated, "and eat it."

"Okay," was all he said as he flung the creature onto the nearby sand bank, where it flopped spastically before lying still, its one eye gazing unblinking at the baking sun.

We watched it a while. Watched it move its fishy lips and expand its gills in the hopeless task of trying to pull in oxygen. We watched it gasp and finally die.

It was about then that we really stopped and surveyed what we had done. True, the fish was dead, but what had we gained from the ordeal? I reached down and touched its skin, now dry and beginning to crack. I thought about what we had taken from it. Why was it that we had done it in the first place? I tried hard to put it in order, but, I soon learned, death has no order. It's merely chance and timing, and who's to say what or who will lend a hand.

We left the fish where it lay, and felt its one, wide eye on our backs as we

tracked back through the high grass.

We had just made the turn at Harold's Grocery when Ryan pointed him out to me. A Shriner. He wore nice clothes, almost church quality, and elegantly balanced a maroon fizz on his balding head.

The enemy. The keeper of secrets. One day. Yes, one day, when Denny was better, we'd be there, hidden in a broom closet, or in a cabinet, listening to all your little . . .

The scream seemed to come from everywhere, and it wasn't until the Shriner turned his head toward Denny's house that we realized where it had originated.

By the time we turned, the screen door, which had slammed in our face no more than an hour ago, was swung wide open and a frantic woman was screaming out toward the town.

"He's stopped breathing! Oh, my God! Someone, he stopped breathing!"

Ryan was knocked over by the Shriner as he dashed for the house, but I was able to fall in step behind him, and soon found myself in the dusty shadows of Denny's home. I followed the fizz topped man to the back of the house where a small, yellow walled room spread out before me. Denny's room.

Although his face was blue, Denny was still obviously conscious. He gestured calmly at his throat. A universal signal: I can't breath. His face was calm though, as if he knew his momma would end this all, and maybe even let him watch TV after it was over.

"Do you know CPR?" she asked.

Denny saw the Shriner.

No sooner had the man taken one step than Denny thrust himself into violent fits, swinging his arms like a pendulum and kicking his bare feet madly against the bed. His face had changed as well. Total, helpless fear. The man struggled with him, trying to hold the boy steady so he could at least try to do something.

Ryan caught up with us and looked in horror as Denny first slowed then lay still.

His mother cried, as Denny's head, eyes wide, turned and fell upon us.

Fleeting Moments

Diane Walker

Rapid, then strong...
Thin and worn,
Dad was tired and frail,
His race, nearing an end

Breathing more difficult...
He strains to speak,
I sit down beside him
And hug him cheek to cheek.

Raspy and short...
Moments are fleeting,
Hugging him to my bosom,
Soon, no more pain

Breathing no more...
His soul is drifting
Inside, my heart aches
But the tears won't come.

Last few moments...
Alone with him
Now, he's with mom
Eternally they rest...together

All Tucked In

Karen Stephens

All tucked in, Momma turns out the light
after we say our prayers.
A gentle kiss good night

always takes away my fright
when monstrous shadows appear.
All tucked in, Momma turns out the light

leaving me fighting visions from my sight.
My fears slowly reappear
for her gentle kiss good night

scares me: tomorrow I'll see Momma dressed in white,
forgetting the past and moving forward.
All tucked in, Momma turns out the light

knowing tomorrow she'll become another man's wife
and have a new family.
A gentle kiss good night

makes me wonder if everything will be all right.
I hope nothing will change my being
all tucked in, while Momma turns out the light
with a gentle kiss good night.

Two Poem of Departures

Jocelyn Jackson

The Wait

My grandfather is one of my most unsung heroes. Sometimes he gets depressed and then I become his hero. My aunt, who is my grandfather's daughter, died about four years ago. Every since then, things just haven't been the same. My hero used to make me proud. Even now, I'm still proud of my grandfather, but as time passes it hurts to see him this way. He sits around and waits for the Lord to take his life so he could once again be with his daughter. What he fails to realize is that we're still here and we love and need him just as much. Sometimes I wish I could make him happy again or at least get him to the point where he wouldn't have to continue to wait...his wait for the end of time.

The Sky

The sky is blue. She's part of my private and personal world. She holds two of the most important people to me. She holds the heavens (where my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ dwells) and my aunt Charlene Jackson Allen (where she went when she left this world). The sky is kind of like my shield of protection. When I'm lonely, hurt, sad, or afraid, I always go outside and look into the sky to call on the Lord or my aunt. I know they're both up there in my private and personal world. And even though they never speak, I know they're always listening.

Steps to Independence

Glenda Gill Silverii

Against the background of political frenzy in young America, Nathaniel Hawthorne uses symbols and imagery in "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" to create a dreamworld in which young Robin must begin his journey into manhood. Leaving his family and his country home behind him, Robin feels secure about locating his kinsman whom Robin expects will help him find his place in the world. However, he is unaware of the evening's events that he will soon face alone.

Filled with enthusiasm and youth, Robin's journey seems to begin when he steps off the ferry. Hawthorne says, "He then walked with as light a step as if his day's journey had not already exceeded thirty miles..."(726). Just as dreams occur in the night, Hawthorne also makes Robin reach the town at nine o'clock on a moonlit evening; immediately, the inexperienced Robin knows "not whither to direct his steps"(726). Encased in the darkness of the evening, Robin must discover for himself by what illuminating reasons he should continue his quest.

Throughout the story the dreamlike qualities seem to make the reader, as well as Robin, contemplate what is "fancy and reality"(733). Dream illusions in literature seem to demand interpretation in order to see the logic of the whole (Becker 10). The frequent references to moonlight conjure up the mystical fancy associated with the moon, while reminding us that Robin is literally, and symbolically, in the dark. At one point his confident grasp of reality is shaken after he falls asleep and dreams of his family back home (Lee 24). Robin asks himself, "Am I here or there?"(733) and his mind shifts to wonder if he is dreaming or if there is really such a person as Major Molineux. In the nighttime setting, when one is always more aware of sounds and movement, Hawthorne's exaggeration of silence, noise and lighting are effective in building suspense around Robin (Crews 24).

Throughout the evening's confrontations, Hawthorne subtly reminds the reader that Robin could turn at any moment from the lessons he has already learned and flee to the security of his family. Yet, Hawthorne's clues tell the reader that the "shrewd" youth is steadily applying a newly found sense of logic. Robin's heavy cudgel, the old man's cane, the sharp-ended stick of the watchman, and the sprawling limbs of the family tree are intertwining elements that Hawthorne manipulates cleverly, thus, associating the qualities of wood to the formation of the plot.

In this wood-imagery, the reader can see Robin's cudgel being governed by the authority of the sharp-ended stick, rebuked by the polished cane,

threatened by the stocks and pulled back to the original roots by the memory of the old oak tree, which is the unchallengeable parental authority (Crews 76). Likewise, the colonists struggle to gain freedom from their parental roots, still so deeply buried in England's soil many miles away.

Later, because of his experiences in the night, Robin will identify with the colonists who are also being governed, rebuked and threatened by the king. However, it will be through the symbolic representation of Major Molineux, his kinsman, that Robin will break from his dependence. Molineux represents a king who is seen in agony and is mighty no more (Crews 73). The conflict in America is represented in Robin's conflict within himself. The country and the boy are struggling to decide what choices and chances the future hold. Hawthorne wants the reader to see the meaning of Robin's actions and the actions of the colonists (Becker 8).

Robin's assertive moments are matched with threats of beating or the stocks from the authority figures. Neither Robin's pleading like a child, nor his counter-threat of violence, gain him information or the respect he needs (Crews 76). Hawthorne purposely keeps Robin as the one youthful character in the story in order to further the images of a boy, alone, in a man's world. In that respect, he forces Robin into a position of having to make a choice. Robin must decide to retreat to the home he has left or take his position among men; at the same time America must decide if it will take its position among the nations. Amid the roar of humiliating laughter at the end, the reader senses Robin makes his decision. Hawthorne distorts the symbolic nature of laughter because now it has a destructive power. The laughter removes rationality and order (Lee 21). Crews suggests Robin's laughter was "the loudest there" because his effort at shedding his country roots and his continual rebuke by authority had fed a growing rebellion inside that burst from Robin in contempt and humiliation of Major Molineux (74).

Despite the open ending, Hawthorne's story in its actual time period strongly indicates that Robin's crisis in late adolescence is resolved (Crew 74). He must explore his "shrewdness" which will allow him to put together pieces of new with pieces of old to create a new world view (Lee 25). The reader is aware of America's freedom and can feel that Robin's journey has allowed him to take his final steps to independence as well.

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Illustrator: Susan Baskin

The Aisle of Change

Robin M. Boyd

Satin heels of white
grace my feet as I take
that walk down the aisle of change at twilight

leaving behind a past part of life
for a great unknown.
Satin heels of white

fit just right
adding an unseen beauty.
That walk down the aisle of change at twilight

leaves me seeing things in a different light
understanding more, knowing less.
Satin heels of white

kept as a memory of that night
to pass on one day.
That walk down the aisle of change at twilight

joined me with my shining knight
once a wish, then a dream come true.
Satin heels of white
carried me down that aisle of change at twilight.

The Garden

Robin M. Boyd

Rounding the bend,
I see him waiting, stretched out in the swing,
pushing it with one foot,
causing it to sway with a lazy motion.
He stands as I lean my bike against a post.
Taking my hand, he begins to walk
down the garden path of weathered stones.
Surrounded by a fanciful mix of flowers
angels watch over us as we talk of our dreams.
Gazing at each other like young lovers do,
we pause on a bridge to watch the birds visit their neighbors.
Walking by the pond, we laugh as a dragonfly and a frog play Stare.
We wonder who will blink first.
Finding a hammock hidden by a wall of vines,
we hold each other as the sun sets.
We awaken to the crickets chirping.
We continue our walk, only slower now as our time nears an end.
We pass a gazebo and wish to stop, but Time says, "No."
On our way out, I stop to pick some flowers,
the table needs a new arrangement.
A fairy winks as we walk by holding hands.
Outside the garden, the ground is wet.
I notice our hands look worn and old,
our steps are slower and our breath is faster,
and like the sky, our hair is graying.
The seat of my bike is damp so we leave it.
The breeze is cool; he puts his arm around my shoulders.
We walk home.

The Mind at Night

Anthony Rando

April 15

These headaches are killing me. Dr. Lobber gave me a prescription for that, and I hope it helps. There's something else bothering me, and this is the reason I'm keeping this journal of events. I've been having strange dreams. They started two nights ago, and I feel like I'm going to have another dream like the previous ones. If I do, I'll start telling about them. If last night's dream was the final dream of this kind, I'll just throw this page away and forget I ever had them. Tonight's the night I decide.

April 16

Well, I guess you figured what this new entry means: it hasn't ended. Each dream, although they have small differences, is basically the same. Here is last night's dream.

I awake in the morning thinking it's reality. In fact in every dream, I never did doubt that it was reality. When I get out of bed, a dog runs to me and bites me in the leg. I raise my fist to punch the dog, and the dog suddenly says, "No! Please don't hit me! I'm sorry! It's in my nature! Can't you see that? I'm just a disgrace! Please! End my life! Give me some anti-freeze!"

Then I feel sorry for the dog, and I say, "Go on. I'll forgive you."

The dog looks at me and says, "I don't get why you're talking to me. Dogs can't understand English." Abruptly, the dog leaves.

I go to my kitchen to fix a bowl of cereal. On the back of the box I selected, I see a wanted poster offering a reward for the cereal killer. The poster says that he has already killed Snap and Pop, two members of the Rice Krispies trio and Dig'um the Frog. When I fix my bowl of cereal, I go into the living room to watch TV. I see a Frosted Flakes commercial where Tony the Tiger says, "I'm not coming out of hiding until that cereal killer is stopped. He's not gr-r-reat!" I turn off the TV and finish my cereal. After I put my bowl in the sink, I sit at my dining room table to write a letter to the Terminator asking him to kill a mouse in my bathroom.

I put a thirty-two shilling stamp on the envelope containing the letter, and I take it to the mailbox. When I close the mailbox, I hear laughter. I look to see where the laughter is coming from and see all my neighbors laughing and pointing at me. A Secret Service agent who is laughing the hardest runs to me and says, "You need to put some clothes on, Bro." I then realize that I'm naked, and I run inside to get dressed. On my way to the door, I hear the Secret Service agent yell to me, "Welcome to the neighborhood porn!"

After I get dressed, I go to the grocery store to buy some eggs for my

incubator. At the store, the manager walks to me and says, "You're fired."

"Why?" I ask not realizing that I have never had a job there.

"For letting people walk out with free samples without paying for them," the manager says. I get mad and I punch the manager in the face. The manager looks at me and yells, "That's it! You're fired!" I leave the store without buying the eggs I came to buy.

I get into my car and try to start it. A light flashes on my dashboard. The light is in the shape of a tombstone with the words: "R.I.P.—BATTERY" on it. I get out of my car and call the roadside service for my car. The guy tells me that he can fix the problem from his office. My car explodes, and the guy says, "Glad I can help." He hangs up.

I start walking home. On the way, a man runs to me and says, "Hey! Did you hear that the cereal killer iced the Trix Rabbit?" I ignore him and keep walking. When I get halfway home, bomber planes start flying over the town, destroying everything. Alarms start sounding, and that's where I woke up this morning discovering that the alarms in my dream were really my alarm clock.

April 17

The headaches haven't eased yet. I'm worried that the headaches and my dreams are connected. I think I'll call Dr. Lobber about that. He should know. Let's get back to my dreams. Last night, I had another one. Let me share it with you.

I wake up in the morning again, but this time there is no dog. Instead, a man with a plastic knife asks me, "Where are your valuables!" I hand him five hundred dollars in play money, and he leaves.

I go into my kitchen to make a bowl of grits. In my pantry, I see a warning on a cereal box that says, "Has the cereal killer poisoned your cereal? Throw this away immediately."

When my grits are ready, I take them into the living room and turn on the TV. I see a news story saying that the Trix rabbit has been killed. A crying child says, "I feel bad about not letting him have any Trix." The story gets depressing and I turn off the TV.

I go outside to check the mail. I find only one letter in the mailbox, which says, "When I get there, he won't be back." I check for a return address on the envelope that contained this one-sentence letter. I find myself getting paranoid, wondering if my wife has been in touch with a hit man. Then I realize that I'm not married, so I stop worrying.

As I'm walking back to my house, I hear laughter. I turn and see all my neighbors laughing. One of them says, "Look at that suit!" I look down at my body and see that I'm wearing a gray suit like the one on *PeeWee's Playhouse*. Embarrassed, I run into my house and quickly change clothes.

The outfit I select is a biker's outfit. I go outside to cut the grass, and

that's when I discover that a wild boar destroyed my riding mower. I put gas in my push mower, and as I'm doing that, I hear the lawnmower make slurping noises. When I'm through filling the tank, I start cutting the grass. Halfway into my job I feel myself getting extremely hot in my leather biker's jacket. I'm clueless about why I'm getting this hot.

I fall to the ground in a heatstroke while the lawnmower goes around the neighborhood devouring cars. I hear an ambulance racing down the road. The paramedics get out the ambulance and rush across my yard. They pick up the dismembered pieces of grass and start sewing them back to the blades they were cut from. The paramedics walk back to the ambulance, and one of them says, "Boy, that was close. That grass almost died." The ambulance races back down the road with the siren still blaring as I lie on the ground yelling, "Hey! You forgot me!" That is where I awoke to discover that the siren was my alarm clock.

April 18

Dr. Lobber told me he is certain my headaches are symptoms of a disorder in my head causing my dreams. When I told him that the headaches haven't eased yet, he told me to take a double dose of my prescription. Last night's dream was also weird. Here it is.

I wake up in the morning, and when I get out of bed, I see a Saint Bernard in my room. He rips my entire leg off and says, "So you're the one who thinks dogs can understand English, huh? What a loser." He runs away with my leg so I walk to my closet (don't ask me how) to get my spare leg. Written on the leg is, "Use in case dog rips leg off." I sew the leg on my nub with thread and find that it works better than my old leg.

In the kitchen, I decide to fix a bowl of oatmeal and then decide not to. I turn on the TV and see a story about the cereal killer's murder. On a podium, the President of the United States gives the Terminator a Medal of Honor. The Terminator says, "I have another assignment, I must go." The Terminator leaves the podium and walks out of sight. Then a reporter says, "It's finally over!" I turn off the TV happy that it's finally over. I look at a Frosted Flakes box, which has Tony the Tiger on the front saying, "Cereal killer dead? That's gr-r-r-reat!"

I go into my room to change out of my pajamas and into a tee shirt and shorts. I walk outside, and I hear my neighbors say, "At last. He's dressed normal." I get into my car and drive to the drug store to buy some cocaine. When I tell the pharmacist what I want, he says, "Look, this is a drug store. We don't sell drugs here." I thank him and leave.

On my way home, my car dies with the tombstone light flashing. I see an auto repair button on the dash and I press it. A mechanical voice says, "Please step away from car while in process of repair." I walk away from my car. When I'm a safe distance away, my car explodes.

I start walking home when people start dancing in the street singing about the cereal killer's death like in an old musical. A high school band starts playing,

which turns out to be my alarm clock that awoke me.

April 19

I think I figured out the causes of my dreams, but I don't want to jump to any conclusions. Last night's dream was the weirdest, and I think I know the reason. Here's the dream.

I wake up in the morning and I find a dachshund on the floor beside my bed. When I get out of my bed, the dog swallows me whole. When I hit bottom, I find myself in the waiting room of a dentist's office. A crazy Chinese dentist rushes into the room with a running drill in his hand, points at me, and screams, "YOU!"

I say, "Who, me?"

The dentist raises the drill above his head and says, "Your teeth are dishonorable! They must die!" The dentist runs for me, and I turn and start for the exit door. I run as fast as I can, but the run across the short distance takes forever. Behind me, I can hear the dentist yelling, "Sacrifice the teeth!" I finally get to the exit door, and when I go through it, I find myself on my front porch. I can still hear the dentist inside my house, yelling about killing teeth. Out of curiosity, I go back inside to see who he's torturing, and I see him on TV torturing a patient in his operating room.

I go outside to check my mail when a tornado starts coming down my street destroying nothing. I step in the tornado's path and say, "Leave, or face me!" I hear a laughing sound come from the tornado as its wind tear my clothes off my body. I hear grinding noises inside the twister, and it spits out my shirt, which is cut like paper dolls. In anger I say, "That's it! I'll show you to disrespect property!" I punch the twister at the highest spot I can reach. The tornado falls to a kneeling position, and a slimy substance spills out the top all over me as I hear a vomiting sound come from the tornado. It falls to the ground, and I hear gurgling sounds come from inside. With the tornado lying on the ground, I hear my neighbors yell, "It's dead!"

I go inside to take a shower to wash off the slime. When I get out of the shower, my doorbell rings. I open the door, and I see the Terminator standing at the door. "You have a mouse problem?" he asks.

"Yes, I do. In the bathroom."

The Terminator pushes me aside and walks to the door of the bathroom. "He won't be back," he says.

He enters, and I hear a voice singing, "M-I-C-K-E-Y-M-O-U-S-E!" The Terminator replies by singing, "K-I-L-L-T-H-E-M-O-U-S-E!"

Mickey Mouse walks out of my cabinet. The Terminator pulls a shotgun out of his jacket, points it at Mickey, and says, "Hasta la vista, Mousie." He pulls the trigger and pieces of Mickey fly all over the bathroom.

The Terminator pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket and hands it to

me. When I open it, I see it is a bill for one million dollars. "I expect it in one month, or you won't be back," he says. He leaves my house, and as he walks down the road, my neighbors offer him pieces of barbecued tornado. I write a check hoping I can catch the Terminator on his way out of the neighborhood. When I go outside with the check, I see him drinking beer and eating the barbecue with my neighbors. His ears start steaming and he says, "I knew I shouldn't have had that last beer." He explodes and I tear up the check and throw it in the garbage. My alarm clock woke me up after that, and that is when I had an idea of what was causing my dreams.

April 20

I tried an experiment yesterday and it worked. I figured that my double dose of medication caused my dream to be stranger; therefore, the medication was causing the dreams to occur. I took no medicine yesterday and had no weird dreams. I have already decided to throw this bottle in the trash, but I do have a problem. Do I ask Dr. Lobber for another prescription and risk having more dreams, or do forget the prescription and suffer from these headaches until they stop?

If I ask for another prescription, I have a small chance of having more dreams like the previous ones, but I might not even be affected by a new medication. What if the dreams do return? They could be a lot worse than what they have been. What if the new medication does not cause them to return? If that happens, I might be able to get rid of these headaches. So here are the choices: take a chance on having worse dreams, suffer from the headaches with no medicine, or get lucky and find a medicine that doesn't affect my dreams and finally gets rid of my headaches. I'll get back to this when I make a choice.

April 20 (later)

I called Dr. Lobber and told him I'll just stick with over-the-counter pills. Even if the headaches don't end, everything will be fine. A little pain is a small price to pay to stop being tormented by talking dogs, cereal killers, and dead Disney characters. At last, there will be no more weird dreams.

To Titanic

Stephen Blackwell

The blue sea's raging tide washed aside
all the dreams a world could dream.
She rode high on the furious tide,

her great hull cradling her passengers on the ride
in such luxury never before seen.
The blue sea's raging tide washed aside

the beautiful ship when the ice hit her side
with such quiet fury yet killing so many.
She rode high on the furious tide

as her passengers madly fled over the side
into the water so, so cold as
the blue sea's raging tide washed aside

the great dying ship as she told on those who lied
who said she was unsinkable.
She rode high on the furious tide

as so, so many died
but even in death she still remains
and even as the sea's raging tide washes aside
she still rides high on the furious tide.

Remembering Grandad

Tommy Douglas

The last time I had a story published was in 1979. Almost twenty years ago. Since then this old world has spun around almost 7,000 times. One would think that placing high in a writing contest would inspire one to write again. Not.

My first story was about my grandfather, Linfield Lenox Oglesby Sr. Heh, it worked once so let's go for a sequel.

Unfortunately Granddaddy is no longer with us. His life ended one hot summer afternoon in a tragic vehicle accident on U. S. Hwy. 84 while returning home to Meadville from visiting my Mother's house. In one split second on that July 23, 1988, his life of 78 years was gone. Fortunately for us, we had accumulated a lifetime of memories of him that will last forever.

My Granddaddy never held a degree of teaching in his life, yet he made a great teacher. He taught three young boys he could share. Sharing with us his time, talents, and love.

Learning to squirrel hunt from my grandfather is one of my fondest memories of him. Whether it was just the two of us or with my two first cousins, hunting was always fun. We'd leave the house and head for the woods. The weapon of choice was a single barrel 12 gauge shotgun with a missing front sight and a broken stock that was taped together to keep it from pinching your hand when you shot. Crossing the small pasture before getting to the woods our excitement would build.

"Be quiet boys or you'll scare away every squirrel in Franklin county," he'd say. He wouldn't have to say it twice. While he was showing us one thing, we didn't realize he was teaching us another.

"I was crossing a creek just like this when that old cottonmouth bit me."

HISTORY

"Let's sit down on this log and watch those oak trees over there."

PATIENCE

"Lynn and Tommy, go shake those vines and see if we can make that squirrel move." **TEAMWORK**

"Be careful where you point that gun. Only aim at what you intend to shoot." **SAFETY**

"Terry, give Lynn the gun. You missed your shot. It's his turn now."

SHARING

"Don't shoot that one. He's on Mr. Jim's place."

RESPECT and COURTESY

"Four squirrels, boys. It's time to go home." **CONSERVATION**

"Boys, ya'll did all right today. Let's go home. Don't go sticking your lips

out, I'll take ya'll again." *LOVE*

I still love to go squirrel hunting. Just don't take a gun with me anymore. These days I'll go into the woods, sit and watch. Spotting a squirrel and just looking at him with my eyes or sometimes with binoculars. Maybe easing around the tree or pulling on a vine to see if I can make him move. In the stillness of the woods it's easy to imagine of days gone by with three young boys biting at the bit and their grandfather holding back the reins. When the wind rustles the leaves I can almost hear him whispering. Without the gun you don't bring back too many squirrels though. But the memories you bring back would more than fill any hunting vest.

Yes, my Grandaddy would have made a great teacher. Looking back on it now, I reckon he was.



Illustrator: Fabio Santos

Alumni update

Melissa Lewis Mayer 1985 and 1986

Melissa Lewis Mayer lives in Louisville, Kentucky, with her husband Jim and their thirteen-month daughter Anna Catherine (Annie). Melissa is the Director of Communications for a non-profit organization, the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, a Catholic women's religious order involved in mission work. She is charged with creating an overall public relations plan and a family of publications.

When she is not working or taking care of Annie, she is working on her thesis. Melissa completed her course work for a Masters of Liberal Studies degree at Millsaps before leaving Jackson. All she lacks is the thesis she is writing on Walker Percy.

We asked Melissa and a few others whose addresses we could acquire for suggestions on how to celebrate. Melissa wrote us: "I can't believe *Microcosm* is about to reach such a milestone —congratulations! How about if some of the writers were asked to complete a simple questionnaire of what they are doing now, do they still write and if so what, and what are they reading these days. It might be a great way to see how people continue to use the fine education they received in the gold ole' literary mecca of Wolf country! They could also include a quote about what stayed with them from those classes, writing and publishing experiences. What do you think? Keep in touch and best wished to all at one of my favorite places!"

Allen Cooper 1991

Allen received a degree in Criminal Justice/Law Enforcement from Montana State University located in Bozeman, Montana. He has worked in Law Enforcement in Montana for two years. He was with the Gallatin County Sheriff's Department and was a member of the Search and Rescue Team. He is currently employed by the Montana Highway patrol as a Highway Patrolman. He is an avid snowboarder, skier, and hunter. He continues to use his writing as a lyric writer for country western songs. He has had several songs recorded by, "Out Of The Shoot," a local country western band. While he was at Montana State University he developed security programs for Montana State University using his writing abilities to write extensive reports with the Highway Patrol. Allen says, "Copiah-Lincoln Community College gave me an unshakable background in creative writing and a hefty jumpstart into my career as a Law Enforcement Officer in the Treasure State of Montana."

Copiah-Lincoln Community College / Wesson Campus

Sandra Cooper 1983 and 1984

I live in Red Lodge, Montana, a dreamland for skiers and winter sports. My log cabin hovers on the side of a creek abundant with trout. Moose, deer, and bear roam freely in the front yard, giving me hours of enjoyment. Montana is still the "Last Best Place," and I am going to enjoy each moment I live here. My writing came to an abrupt halt for several years after receiving a traumatic brain injury, but now I am back to writing. I am currently writing a book about my injury and recovery. I am CEO of IWILL. INC., a company that researches security measures for courthouses, private individuals, banks, hospitals, etc. throughout the country. I am also writing a Sunday school book for people over 90 years old. It's been great fun and an eye opener into life. Who has a better view of life and death than someone does that has lived 90 years and now faces 100. Because of my Near Death Experiences three years ago I work with Hospice Patients and find gratitude for another chance to share life and death experiences with people who face tough times. Thanks to Co-Lin and the wonderful English Department for their support. Co-Lin continues to influence every speech I write and every letter I dictate. *Microcosm* awards hang on my wall above my typewriter reminding me that I can do it.

Tommy Douglas 1978-1980

Tommy remembers the family atmosphere when he first came to Co-Lin. Though he knew that what he learned out of the books was very important, he believes that what he learned about communicating with others was most important. After completing his studies at Co-Lin, he attended MSU where he received his degree in Industrial Engineering. Tommy recommends to anyone who may be apprehensive about college to attend Co-Lin first because Co-Lin gives you a sound base for higher learning. He is married to Janet Hughes, formerly of Crystal Springs, who also attended Co-Lin. They have two children, Erica and Philip. Tommy and his family reside in Hazlehurst. He is currently co-owner of Hercules Tire and Rubber in Hazlehurst, MS.

Glenda Gill Silverii 1985-1987

She graduated from Co-Lin in the spring of 1987 and received her degree in Marketing from USM. While at Co-Lin she served as secretary and writer for *Microcosm*. Last fall she returned to Co-Lin where she enrolled in undergraduate English courses, and now she is a full-time student at MC, pursuing her degree in English.

Kiss the Rain

Josh Ard

The first day I saw her, I knew she was the one. She was beautiful! Her green eyes sparkled from the glow of the overhead light. And yet from a short distance I could not tell if her hair was dark or light. As I approached her, I could tell she thought I was rather attractive as well. She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. She slowly walked past me and she sat down at a nearby bench. I began thinking to myself that I should go and sit next to her. Maybe she'll think that I am stupid, but on the other hand, maybe she'll like me. She was holding something in her hand, but I couldn't tell exactly what it was. I steadily walked behind the bench to catch a glimpse of what she was reading. I believe it was a letter. Maybe it was from her boyfriend or maybe from her mother. People always get letters from the ones they love in this place. As I hid behind, trying to read the note, I noticed that she was crying. I didn't know who it was from. I thought to ask her, but I might disturb her. Then I caught a glimpse of the bottom of the note. It was signed by a Kirt Masterson. I wonder who this man or boy could be. I was so caught-up in the moment that I forgot that it was time for my medicine. From down the hallway came a loud scream.

"Mr. Mulroney, it's time for your medicine," yelled the head nurse.

I had only been here a month and I knew her name by heart. Mrs. Annette Cameron was her name and she only had one thing on her mind. I shudder when I hear the dreadful word when she yells it.

"Mr. Mulroney, it's time for your enema," she screamed.

I was so embarrassed. The beautiful creature that sat before me seemed to be not as beautiful as I thought. The main reason is because she was laughing at me. Everyone in the hall heard her say that dreadful word to my name.

As I approached my room, where Mrs. Cameron was standing, she began singing a tune quite familiar. It was a horrible little tune and I'm sure you can guess what it was about.

.....

As I looked out my window, I could tell that it was morning. It's kind of hard to remember what its like to be healthy and free. Most of my life as a kid was spent in a hospital. I can't even remember the last time I was outside. All I remember is the smell of a hospital room. I'm sure you all know that smell because it's quite different from other smells. I wish I had never smelled it before, but I guess there's no hope for that. Most the time I just sit here and look out my window and wish that I could go outside and breath the fresh air. I wish I could go outside and kiss the rain as it fell on my face. If I could go outside, I would do all these things. It may not seem much to anyone, but it's a dream for

me.

The clock on the wall said that it was 7:00 a.m., so I guess it's time for breakfast. I have to admit, the food here is not half bad. I actually like the food. I began to get out of bed and put my clothes on. I really dread doing that every morning because the floors are so cold. I hate for my feet to touch that cold tile each morning.

I started walking to the cafeteria and then I saw her. It was the girl I had seen the day before. She was more beautiful today than she was yesterday. I decided to walk over to her, because I thought it was a good idea. What could it hurt? I have no friends in this place and by the looks of her, she doesn't either. Plus, I had to know her name.

"I wonder if she's going to the cafeteria," I thought to myself. I believe that I should ask her. After all, she did seem a little lonesome. I approached her from behind and tugged on her hair. I really wish that I hadn't done that now and you'll soon find out. It would have saved a lot of trouble from occurring if I hadn't. See, when I tugged on her hair, it wouldn't let go of my hand. As a matter of fact, it fell right off her head.

"Oh no," she yelled. She was so horrified and embarrassed.

"I am such an idiot," I said to her in an apologetic voice. She snatched the slightly blonde wig from the grasp of my hand. "Is there anything I can do to make you feel better. I really didn't mean for that to happen."

"Yes," she replied. "You can go away. Haven't you done enough already. Everyone in this place now knows that I wear a wig."

"But you don't understand," I started. "I came over here to ask you for your name."

"My name is Becca. Now go away," she said in a stern voice that was really harsh.

"Well my name is David, David Mulroney," I replied sharply.

"I don't care what your name is. All I want is to be left alone and die, just like I was sent here to do."

"Don't say something like that," I said to her. We all may live long and prosperous lives. You never know when it's your time. Only God knows that. Scientists are always finding cures for these things. Will you please go and have some breakfast with me? I'm actually quite hungry."

"No," she replied in that same stern voice.

"Well, if that's the way you want to be," I started. "Maybe it's better to sit in your room all day and pray that God will take you out of that room. Maybe it's better to think that one day you will be swimming in a pool and lying in the freshly cut grass. Maybe it's better to dream of dreams that very seldom come true. Don't you think that I have those same dreams too?"

"Well, I guess," she replied. "I guess it's better to have a friend and face reality, than to have no friend and all hopeless dreams. Even if the

person took my hair right off my head.” We both started laughing.

“That is true,” I replied. “So how about that breakfast?”

“Sure,” she replied. “I’m sorry for being such a jerk. It’s just that I hate it in here and I feel sorry for myself. I have to admit, I hate feeling sorry for myself.”

“Don’t we all?” I questioned her. “So how long have you been here.”

“This is my first week,” she whispered. “So far everything has fallen apart. I got a letter from my boyfriend yesterday. He wished me a happy future and told me that he had fallen in love with some stupid girl from California. I bet a million dollars her favorite words are duh and whatever. So you can imagine what a hectic week it’s been for me!”

“Yeah, I guess I can. I’ve only been here for a month and sometimes I just want to bust through that window and suck in all the good air I can. It’s only been a month and I’ve began to forget what it’s like to live again. But I have to think of the future.”

“So would it offend you if I asked what you’re in here for?” she questioned suspiciously. “Oh no,” I said. “I’m not ashamed of my disease. I have cancer in mostly all of my liver.” To tell the truth, the doctors say that I only have about three months to live at the maximum. So that’s the reason I’m in here.”

“Are you scared to die?” she asked. “Do you ever think about it?”

“Oh sure, I think about it all the time,” I said to her. “Whenever I think about things like that, I always say to myself: A dream cannot be reality until you put your faith in that dream. so as long as I keep on believing in that, I know that I have a chance for survival.”

“That is very well phrased,” she replied. “I too believe in that saying. One day I’m going to become an actress. And that is my dream. I will not give up until that dream becomes reality.”

.....
Two months have past since I first laid eyes on Becca. She still comes to see me everyday. And I in turn would go see her, if only I had a chance. I’m becoming more and more ill. The doctors keep telling me that I’m looking a lot better, but I can see my death in their eyes.

My mother told me that she would love to come and see me, but my dear face would just be too much for her to handle. For some reason I don’t believe her. I sit here in this cold bed dreaming of kissing the beautiful rain outside while she sits there in her nice cozy house watching her TV. She can touch the grass outside, but I can’t. If only she knew what I was going through. Then there was a knock on the door. It was my best friend Becca.

Becca and I had become close friends during these past two months. She was doing a lot better. In fact, her cancer is almost cured. I’m really glad for her. She can even go outside now.

“Here, David,” she whispered. “I brought you some flowers.”

“Oh thank you so much, Becca. They are the prettiest flowers I’ve ever

seen.”

“Well it’s the least I can do,” she replied. “I hate seeing you here like this, but you’re looking a whole lot better.”

“Becca, could you hand me the mirror?” As I was looking at myself, I dropped the mirror in disgust. All my hair had fallen out and I looked like a monster.

“I really hate for you to see me like this,” I replied.

“Oh, David, stop,” she snapped. “You’re looking a whole lot better. What did the doctors say?”

“The same lie you’ve been telling me,” I snapped. I tried to hold back the tears, but I could already taste the salty water on the tips of my mouth. “I know I’m about to die and there’s no stopping it. It’s spread throughout my body. There’s no stopping it now.”

“But, David, don’t say that,” Becca snapped.

I could see the tears roll down her cheeks now.

“Remember the first day I met you,” she began. “You gave me a lot of hope that day. You gave me some of the best advice one can give to another. And yet you hardly knew me. You told me that a dream cannot be reality until you put faith in that dream. I have faith in you and I believe you will make it through this. Don’t you have faith in your own self? Please listen to me.”

Through a hoarse whisper, I began talking. “I remember the first day I saw you. I thought you were the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. You gave me the faith to keep on living, but now that faith is lost. Becca, I know I am about to die. There’s no hiding it now. I must face reality. I know I’m going to a better place, but it’s just a little sooner than I expected. I only have one request. I want you to follow your dreams. Your cancer is almost cured. You can still become that actress you once sought out to be. The faith I had in me, I now instill in you. Follow your dreams.”

After David said that, tears rolled down Becca’s face. And to her disbelief, she could hear nothing. A silent hush had fallen over the entire room. She knew he was gone. The one person that had given her the faith to go on was now gone. He had given her so much, but in so little time. As the nurses and doctors rushed through the sliding doors, Becca slowly walked out. She remembered the last word he spoke to her and that was to follow her dreams. Becca had a dream and if it took the rest of her life, she would fulfill that dream. If not for her, then for David.

(5 years later)

“Thank-you for coming out here tonight, ladies and gentlemen. We are sure that this play will touch each and every one of your lives in every way possible. But before we start, one of the actresses in the play would like to give us a little history of this play. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome

Miss Becca Dermot.”

“Thank-you,” she said. “I would just like to say that the story you are about to hear is true and marvelous. And to think it only happened five years ago to me. Before we begin tonight’s program, I would just like for each of you to keep in mind all the dreams you have right now. For a close friend of mine once said: A dream cannot be reality until you put your faith in that dream. I hope you’re watching tonight, David. This one’s for you.”

Ladies and gentlemen, *Kiss the Rain*.

Lawrence County High School
Scholarship Award, Short Story



Illustrator: Kenny Speed

Sweet Dreams

Katie Davis

“Don’t read this before you go to sleep like you usually do, okay?” Karen asked as she gave a newly printed manuscript to Mark.

“Huh, I always read before I go to sleep, Karen, I told you that,” Mark said as he pocketed the folded sheets of computer paper.

“Let’s just say I don’t want to be blamed for your nightmares, dude,” Karen said as she clapped him on the back. “Sweet dreams!”

Mark laughed to himself as he drove home from church that night. He thought about what Karen had said about not reading this new story. Imagine, one of her stories giving him nightmares. Some of them had been pretty creepy, but not enough to ruin his sleep. He decided to run a little experiment. He was going to read the story at his usual time just to see what Karen thought was going to happen.

He had just finished eating when the doorbell rang. His mom got the door while he picked up clutter from the living room. She opened the door and there stood Karen Jones.

“Um, Mom, could you excuse me?” Mark said. He stepped outside to talk to Karen privately.

“What are you doing here?” he asked. He was very embarrassed. Karen happened to catch him in his rattiest pair of jeans.

“I came to remind you,” she said. “Read the story tomorrow. Don’t read it at night.”

“Karen, I always do my reading at night. Why can’t I read this one at night before I go to sleep?” he asked.

“You’ll find out,” she said. “Oh, by the way, Mark. You’ve got a really big hole in the back of your jeans.”

“I know,” he said. “I have cool boxers on though!”

Karen groaned as she pulled out of Mark’s driveway. “Just remember what I said, Mark!”

Mark went back inside and finished picking up clutter from his room. Finally, he settled down with the manuscript. He opened it to the first page. “The Pyramid” was the title.

He began to read and the story drew him inside it. He became the lead character Michael Harrison who was an archeologist in Egypt. Suddenly, the story looked longer than it had before. Mark yawned loudly and as he stretched, the manuscript fell out of his hand. A few minutes later, he was sound asleep.

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In the dream, Mark was Michael Harrison in Egypt. He had discovered a new pyramid and was now lost. Even though the building's outside looked like a regular pyramid, the inside looked like a huge maze. Markings on the walls warned of a terrible creature. Legend told that the creature was a king who had been punished by the gods for his pride in his appearance.

He went on and on through the pyramid, when suddenly he caught his breath. In front of him was the body of his partner. He had gotten separated from him earlier that day.

The creature was as black as the darkness around it. Mark decided he would not have wanted to look at the creature even if it had been brighter. The creature leaped at him and he struggled to hold it at bay.

As he fought with the massive beast, his eyes fell on a section of wall that was not covered with blood. All of the other messages had been written in hieroglyphics. This message was in plain English.

"I told you once with all my might.

I told you twice; it didn't make it right.

You should not have read this story at night!"

Mark screamed at the top of his lungs and found himself in bed. As he looked to the floor for the manuscript, he yelled as he saw that the terrible creature had followed him. He ran to the phone in the hall and called Karen.

"Karen, what should I do?" he screamed as the creature made its way down the hall. "This thing from your story followed me to real life! Please help..." The phone went dead as the creature slashed the line the same instant it slashed Mark's throat.

Karen listened to the tone of a dead line, and then hung up the phone.

"I told him not to read it at night," she said and went back to bed.

Wesson Attendance Center
Second Place, Short Story

The Stranger

Mandy Hall

One night, Rita was driving home from her best friend's house in the rain. They had stayed up late watching scary movies on television, so Rita was very tired. About halfway home, she stopped at a red light when she noticed a faint movement in the seat next to her. When she glanced to her right, there was a tall man sitting in the seat beside her. He was the most beautiful person she had ever seen. He was tall and slim, but he had a slightly muscular build. His skin and fingernails were a strange, translucent white. He looked at her, and that's when she noticed his eyes. They were the most beautiful thing about him. They were dark brown, almost black, deep set, and framed by a curtain of thick, dark of lashes. He also had long, shiny, jet-black hair that hung to the middle of his back.

"Wh-who are you?" stuttered Rita. He sat completely still with his eyes closed. He appeared to be giving the simple question a lot of thought.

"You may call me Damian," he finally answered.

"Where did you come from?" she asked.

"Nowhere," he replied. He had a wonderful voice. It was deep and smooth, almost hypnotizing.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Your endless dedication," he answered. He made the statement as if it was no big deal. As if endless dedication was a normal thing to ask from someone you didn't know. He was beginning to frighten her.

"What on earth are you talking about?" she asked in a small frightened voice.

"I know you," he said, "you are the type of person who seems so nice on the outside, but you are so different on the inside. You attend church and you speak of religion, but your heart isn't really in it."

"How do you know what's in my heart?" she asked.

"I see your soul," he said, "and I think you could serve me well."

"No, you're wrong," she stuttered, "what you do is wrong. I won't help you."

"You seem so sure of yourself," he said, with a faint hint of laughter in his voice. "I understand, but I will not be stopped so easily. I will try again. When you least expect it, I will be there. You may not realize it, but trust me, whenever you are doing wrong, I will be there to remind you of this night." He looked at her for a second, looking as if he wanted to say more, but then he was gone. As suddenly and as mysteriously as he had appeared, he vanished.

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Rita never saw the haunting stranger again. She soon began to think that it had all been a dream. After all, she had been very tired that night. Also, though she had never been one to believe in such things, scary movies were known to play tricks on the imagination, especially on late, rainy nights. The only time she doubted her rational explanation was when she did something wrong. Each time she made a mistake, she got this strange feeling someone was very close to her, just watching and waiting. Every time she tried to convince herself it was just her imagination, as soon as she thought she had herself convinced that it was all in her head, she swore she could almost hear his melodic laughter in her ear.

Wesson Attendance Center
Third Place, Short Story



Illustrator: Tate Becker

Generation X: Headed For Disaster

John M. Graham

The youth of today have been called many names and given many labels: Generation X, Slackers, and Losers to name a few. The attitudes of many of these young people that fall under these categories could be summarized as “whatever.”

Television depicts teens who are bent on total rebellion of authority at any cost. Some grow their hair, shave their heads, get body piercings or tattoos and mope around whining about their “horrible” lives in a display of angst and morbidity. Others choose to follow the ways of vulgar and/or satanic rock groups such as Marilyn Manson and Prodigy.

These kids boast that “This is who I am and what I want to do,” or “I think I look good like this.” They plead individualism as an excuse, ignoring the fact that they are modeling themselves after someone else’s beliefs, trends or fashion statements. Every idea, act, haircut, outfit has been thought, done, or worn by someone at some point in time. Their purpose is to shock or horrify. In their minds, this gives them a power they’ve never had before. They feel they are a mystery to everyone else and that they are far too “deep” or complex for any adult or authority figure to understand. These teens are usually the ones who sit in a corner trying to look as if they don’t care that they are alone. Maybe if they would speak up once in a while and reveal a little about themselves to others, they could be understood. Instead, they assume that they can never be understood and are forever forced to live in this “horrible unrelenting world filled with shallow zombies.”

True individualism comes from the inside. Being one of the “minority” who claim to be miserable and unhappy does not make them unique. They are no more unique than those they are rebelling against. Because of an inability to draw attention to the uniqueness of their thoughts or personality, they are forced to draw attention to the outer person. They do this by wearing dog collars, chains or black veils over the pale faces.

We may deny that their bizarreness affects us, but in actuality it does because Generation X is an example of what society has become. They give popularity to such things as the “gothic” idealism. Their search for meanings in these subcultures can open the door to others even more horrifying such as the occult and satanism.

No matter how the youth of today try to convince others that they are just expressing themselves, it is obvious that they suffer from a far more deep-rooted problem. Our society as a whole has become so liberal and open-minded that to be “politically correct” has made the “unacceptable”

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become “acceptable.” People have used their constitutional rights as an excuse to do whatever they please. Our society has no boundaries to live by. Immorality, perversion and crime has become the standard. We have lost our ability to be shocked.

Today’s youth is unconcerned and nonchalant about everything from personal hygiene to their future. Who is to blame? Everyone, including today’s youth, parents, rock stars, movie stars, sports stars, political figures and—even our ministers. Traits such as goodness, cleanliness and niceness have become things to ridicule while traits such as lying, slander, deceit and betrayal are common.

Advances in technology are making our society more closed and impersonal. Unfortunately, the privileged youth of today are more worried about their possessions and social status than they are with their fellow man.

Like ancient Rome, our seemingly perfect, free nation is straying from the constitutional principles and spiritual ideals that made it great. And like Rome, we will fall unless there is a drastic turnaround in moral and spiritual values.

Scholarship Award, General Essay
Wesson Attendance Center



The Axe for the Frozen Sea

Miranda Kaplan

For years, I thought my childhood to be fairly normal. I grew up in Houston, Texas; I had loving parents and loyal friends; I experienced a difficult move at the age of nine. A typical life it all was. Yes, I had my own unique traits, but so far as I could see, I was just an ordinary kid.

Then, gradually, I realized my life was different. Whether it was something I had that other children did not, or vice versa, I had no idea. The tip-off was in my freshman year when a teacher assigned us a book report. Reading and writing being high on my list of loves, I was thrilled. We went to the school's library to select books--and it happened. A classmate looked at the book in her hands, then at the rest of us, and said softly, "I think this will be the first book I've ever read."

I was flooded with shock. She was probably exaggerating, but how much? Here, then, was the difference I had been sensing. Where other kids had video games and Disney movies, I simply had books. I had learned to read by the time I was three and had been fed books as though they were vitamins. I read anything--from Dr. Seuss to J. D. Salinger, from Judy Blume to George Orwell--and I still do. Like Emily Dickinson, I believe, "There is no Frigate like a Book,/to take us Lands away." Truly, with the opening of a book, we are transported to a world strange to us, and yet so frighteningly real. And here before me was a poor misguided soul who knew none of it. She was sweet and intelligent, but salvation by printed word was clearly in order.

Three questions arise right away: Why is reading so vital to a healthy life? If reading is so great, why is it on the decline? And, how can we raise a generation literate in more than computers?

When one thinks of why reading is necessary, one tends to think of statistics and success stories. For example, a girl was born with Down's syndrome, which is known to cause mental retardation. But her parents refused to accept this poor fate. Instead, they began reading books to their daughter--a ten-book-a-day diet. By the time she was ten years old, she was in regular public school classes and using a vocabulary teachers described as "phenomenal."

Still, I like to think that reading is imperative in children's lives not because it makes them Rhodes Scholars, but simply because it's fun for them. Maybe once you, as I did, stayed up past midnight under the covers with a flashlight just to finish a Nancy Drew mystery. Maybe you still remember lines from your favorite Golden Book when you were five years

old. And maybe you, too, know the indescribable shudder of bliss evoked from the close of a truly great book. Franz Kafka put it perfectly. He said, "We ought to read only the kind of books that wound and stab us.... A book must be the axe for the frozen sea inside us." The axe for the frozen sea--leaving us torn and pained, with emotions bursting forth, intoxicating us.

But, sadly, a lot of children today don't know those feelings. They couldn't tell you their favorite books because they read only when forced, not for pleasure.

Why is reading dying? The answer is simple: lack of exposure. Ask those who love literature. Chances are they've loved it all their lives. They can recall going to the library and listening to bedtime stories as children. Exposure. Whereas the teen or adult who is bored by reading now, probably was given books very seldom as a child.

But, it's no wonder that children are not exposed to reading more often nowadays. With a cavalcade of TV channels, movies, video games, and computerized entertainment, who needs books?

Technology is a wonderful thing, and I don't want to deny that. Television brings news and entertainment right into our homes. It's fun that doesn't take brainpower--it's just that certain shows don't do much in the way of adding brainpower either. Video games are addictive, fascinating, and often disturbingly graphic and violent.

This is just what is on the surface. Consider a child's intellectual growth. Computers and videos teach him to learn visually or aurally, or perhaps both. Books do neither--they teach him to learn imaginatively, to find ideas in the recesses of his brain. If he cannot find in the favorite words of literature books "what the author is trying to say," there is no Help window to click on. He will decide for himself. The reading child will see more than what others think; and he will see what he thinks. And in a lemming world, where everyone else is walking off cliffs, maybe he will build a bridge. And that makes all the difference.

Sounds appealing, doesn't it? But how do we make it happen?

Really, it isn't so hard. The secret is to start early. Condition your children to read. Read near them, read to them, have them read to you. Beam when they correctly pronounce a difficult word, share their joy when their hero lives happily ever after. Give books as gifts and as rewards. Once in a while, hold the remote control hostage, and present your child with a new world in book form. To see him eagerly snatch it away and dash off, rather than groan, is well worth it. And then, be content in knowing that your child is learning to be perceptive and expressive--and doing it gladly.

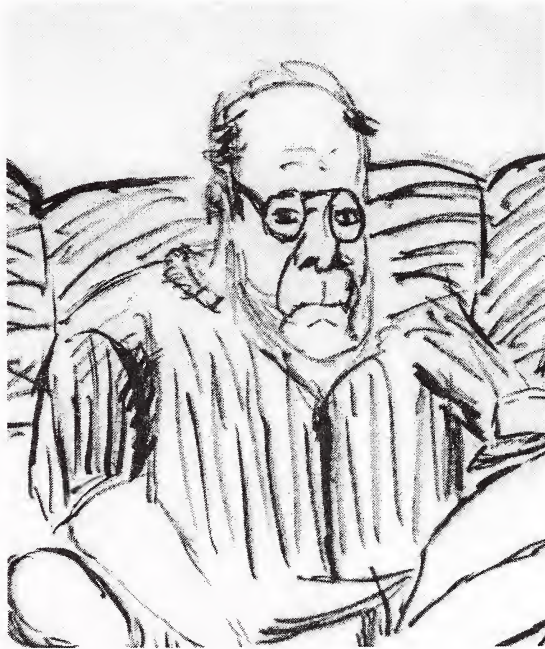
There are those who will wonder why I chose this topic. They think, "With drugs, crime, violence, teen pregnancy, spousal abuse, and overpopulation, you're worried about some kids who don't read? Get real." Yes, maybe I am

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being silly. Or maybe, solutions for all those problems that plague our society will be born in the imaginations of tomorrow's leaders. The leaders who, at the moment, are reading Green Eggs and Ham.

We readers are a dying race, small and weak. To attempt to convert the world would be a losing battle. We can only fight for ourselves, and for what we will leave behind. Even if it is merely a stack of dusty tomes and a bookmark. There will always be disbelievers who laugh, though we try our best to justify ourselves. To them, we will grit our teeth and say no more. They will never be changed. They do not know what we know; they cannot see things the way we can. And, we won't try to teach them. Only a quiet book can do that. Within its pages are the indescribable, the secrets...the axe for the frozen sea. Have you felt it?

Brookhaven High School
Second Place, General Essay



Illustrator: Kierstein Berry

Civil War POW

Lee Mason

It's cold; it's dark. I'm writing by the light of a dim candle. It has been two years since I was captured. Rumors of an exchange have been circulating, but I know that they are nothing more. The sergeant has put me in charge. He is dying. His wounds have become infected. How much longer will this war last? I asked myself that question every night. SHOTS!!! SCREAMS!!! No doubt some poor soldier couldn't take the pain any longer and walked across the dead line. I hate to say, but the thought has crossed my mind. It took a lot of courage not to end my life, but I know I mustn't. Sergeant told me to take care of the men. I can't abandon them.

The day I was captured, I saw my brother, a reb. We were fighting in Gettysburg. I came face to face with him in the heat of the battle. I was ordered by the Lieutenant, who was loading his musket at the time, to fire. No other soldiers were in the area. I knew if I didn't obey the order, I would be tried for treason. I shot, but missed. I missed purposely. I was threatened to be court marshaled.

Dear God, please let this war end.

The soldier put away his tablet and went to sleep. The soldier's prayer was answered that night. He never awoke.

Lawrence County High School
Third Place, General Essay

Results of Dishonesty in Relationship

Lacie King

Willy Loman strives to be an exceptional father and attempts to sustain a close relationship with his children, Biff and Happy. Because Willy hides information concerning his affair, his success on the job, and his near-fatal accidents, his sons become irritated with him; therefore, Willy's relationship with his sons, especially Biff, slowly begins to worsen. In *Death of a Salesman*, Arthur Miller demonstrates how a lack of honesty between a parent and a child can bring strife into their relationship.

The first example of Willy's dishonesty occurs when Willy tries to conceal his relationship with another woman. While on a business trip in Boston, Willy spends an evening with his mistress. Biff, unaware of his father's affair, travels to Boston hoping his father can convince his math teacher to give him a passing grade. When Biff enters Willy's hotel room, he finds his father with his mistress. Willy, surprised by his son's visit, struggles to explain why the woman is in his room. He quickly says, "They're painting her room so I let her take a shower here... She's a buyer" (1317). Biff, knowing his father is lying, responds, "You fake! You phony little fake! You fake!" (1318). Angry and upset, Biff storms out the room thinking only of his father's dishonesty and disloyalty which Biff never seems to forget.

The next example of Willy's dishonesty occurs when he tries to hide the fact that his career is not as successful as he makes it seem. As children, Happy and Biff admire their father because they believe he is a very successful businessman. Willy tells them stories of how great business is going and how "well liked" he is by all of his buyers. In reality, Willy is struggling to provide for his family; however, he is too proud to tell his sons the truth. Years later, Willy's wife tells Biff and Happy the truth about their father. She says, "He used to be able to make six, seven calls a day in Boston. Now he takes his valises out of the car and puts them back and takes them out again and he's exhausted. He has to go to Charley and borrow fifty dollars a week and pretend to me that it's his pay" (1286). When Biff finally realizes that his father is not the success that he made himself out to be, Biff is agitated and disturbed because he realizes that his father has not been honest.

The last example of Willy's dishonesty happens when he lies about trying to kill himself. For many years, Willy has attempted to commit suicide by driving his car off the road; however, he has never been successful. Biff is aware of his father's attempts because his mother informs him that a woman witnessed one of Willy's unsuccessful suicide attempts: "Well, it seems she was walking down the road and saw his car. She says that he wasn't driving fast at all, and that he didn't

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skid. She says he came to that little bridge, and then deliberately smashed into the railing, and it was only the shallowness of the water that saved him" (1287).

Also, Willy's wife and Biff find a rubber pipe attached to the water heater with a nipple on the end that Willy apparently was going to use to kill himself. Shocked by what he learns and finds, Biff confronts his father with the rubber pipe and asks him what it is. Willy denies ever seeing it or knowing what it is. "I never saw that. Never heard of it" (1323). Biff, knowing his father is lying, says, "There'll be no pity for you, you hear it? No pity!" (1323). Finally having enough of his father's lying, Biff angrily shouts, "You're going to hear the truth—what you are and what I am! We never told the truth for ten minutes in this house" (1324).

In *Death of a Salesman*, Arthur Miller shows how dishonesty can cause strife in a parent-child relationship. Although Willy wants to be the perfect father and keep a wonderful relationship with his sons, he cannot because he is not honest with them. Because of Willy's dishonesty about his affair, his job, and his suicide attempts, Biff resents Willy and holds a grudge against him. This dishonesty in their relationship results in only pain and strife for both Willy and Biff.

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Scholarship Award, Literary Essay
Wesson Attendance Center

Piousness in the Salem Witch Trials

Mandy Hall

Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* gives examples of many types of personalities. For example, there is the cunning Abigail Williams, the kind Rebecca Nurse, and the courageous John Proctor. The term pious can be used to describe two different characters in *The Crucible*. Some words have more than one meaning; pious is such a word. Its meanings can describe either someone with a good Christian attitude, or someone who thinks they are better than everyone else. Elizabeth Proctor and Reverend Parris represent the two extremes of the term pious and its meanings.

Elizabeth Proctor represents the typical good Christian woman. She works hard in her home and takes care of her family; she loves her husband and her children very much. Because Elizabeth has such love and strength, she is able to forgive her husband when she finds that he is guilty of adultery. In one line, she proves she never hated him for his mistake, "I never thought you but a good man John—only somewhat bewildered" (Miller 1066). A strong and quiet dignity is shown when Elizabeth is accused of witchcraft, and she faces her accusers with astounding courage. When Elizabeth is forced to go to prison, John gets very angry and loud. "I will go, John," (1079) was her reaction, and she seemed very calm. Elizabeth Proctor is a prime example of how the term *pious* can be used in a positive way.

Reverend Parris represents everything negative about the term *pious*. Parris is one of the first people in town to cry, "witchcraft," as a reason for their problems. He is one reason the situation gets so out of hand. Betty Parris, the reverend's daughter, is among the first in town to fall ill, and Parris refuses to accept any blame for the problems. He does not even consider youthful disobedience as a reason for the girls' dancing in the woods. When he does begin to blame witchcraft, he points to every house in Salem but his own. "They will howl me out of Salem for such corruption in my house!" (1041) was the only thing he had to say when others spoke of Betty as being bewitched. He is only concerned with his own reputation. Reverend Parris illustrates how pious can be a negative term; he, as a minister, wants others to believe he can do no wrong.

Elizabeth Proctor and Reverend Parris also do other things which helped to prove their contrasting personalities. In the last act of the play, Hale tries to get Elizabeth to convince John to confess to witchcraft. "He have his goodness now. God forbid I take it from him" (1118). This was all she had to say as they led John to the gallows. Here she realizes that John would never be able to be happy if he had to live with others believing such

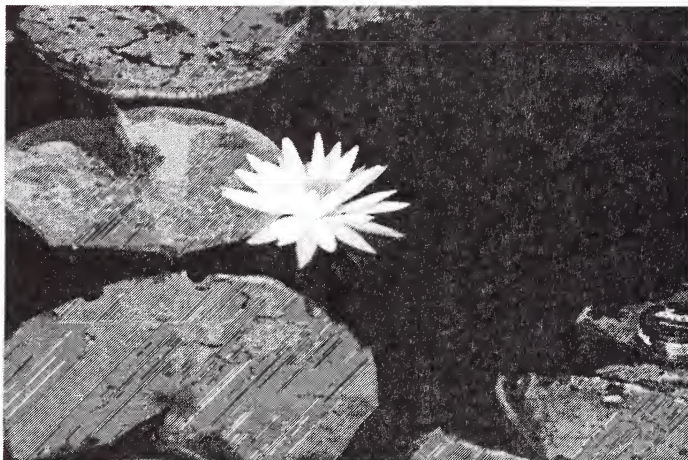
a lie about him. In contrast, we learn earlier that Parris was a very greedy man. "For twenty weeks he preach nothin' but golden candlesticks until he had them" (1072). John relays this story which illustrates how Parris used his position in the town to get what he wanted. Elizabeth and Parris are wonderful characters to use in describing the two different meanings of one simple word.

The Crucible is a work whose meanings can still be applied to life today. All of the characteristics of the people in the play are evident in modern times. Kindness, courage, and even piousness can be seen everywhere. In *The Crucible*, these characteristics are very easy to identify. Elizabeth Proctor and Reverend Parris are prime examples of how one simple word can have two different, complex meanings.

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Second Place, Literary Essay
Wesson Attendance Center



Miller's Theme of Noble Death

Jennifer Sanders

Most short literary works are primarily based on one theme or central idea, but Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* has several. Miller expresses his themes through the actions of his memorable characters and their struggles. He uses expressive dialogue to create an insight into his characters' personalities. One of Miller's themes is that it is more noble to die with integrity than to compromise one's principles. This integrity is shown by the actions of Rebecca Nurse and John Proctor.

Miller portrays Rebecca as the epitome of the Christian. She is an upstanding citizen in the village of Salem, and is sought after for her wisdom; for example, when Reverend Parris' daughter goes into a fit of hysterical wailing, he says to Rebecca, "...go to her, we are lost..." (Miller 1047). Although Rebecca is an upstanding citizen, she is accused of witchcraft by Mrs. Putman for the death of her babies. When she is accused of witchcraft, Miller shows how Rebecca will die because she will not confess to the lie of witchcraft; for example, when Judge Danforth tries to persuade Rebecca to confess and follow John Proctor's "good example" she turns to John and says, "Why, John?" (Miller 1115). At her confession she says, "...it is a lie, why on you" (1115). This action shows Rebecca's strong value in retaining one's honor.

Miller also exhibits his theme of integrity when John Proctor signs his name to a confession of compacting with the Devil. Proctor is a man of intelligence and pride. He is unwilling to implicate his friends in witchcraft. Proctor says "I like not to spoil their names" (1115). Proctor refuses to have his confession nailed to the church door because it "is not worth the dust on the feet of those that have hung" (1117). Proctor believes that a man's name is his legacy of honor and integrity "because (he) cannot have another" (1118).

Although Proctor loses his integrity when he commits adultery, it is regained when he confesses to his lechery in order to save his innocent wife. He also shows his integrity when he denies that Rebecca has compacted with the Devil. Rebecca shows her integrity when she refuses to confess. John again shows his integrity when he says that he has "signed himself to lies" (1118). He doesn't wish to blacken the names of his friends, and he wants his children to walk like men.

In conclusion, Miller's theme of noble integrity opposed the compro-

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mise to one's principles in order to survive is shown in the faithful silence of Rebecca Nurse and the refusal of John Proctor. In the words of John Proctor, "I do think I see some shred of goodness in John Proctor" (1118). I think we can learn something from John and Rebecca because we have only one name and cannot be given another no matter how tarnished or how white it may be. We must accept our faults and, by accepting them, regain and keep our honor.

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Third Place, Literary Essay
Wesson Attendance Center



The Season

Jessica Kirby

If you will look closely,
I think you will see
That we are all leaves
On a global tree.
So be careful, my friend,
Of how you act,
And what you say
Because the season will come
When we all fall
 and
 wither
 away.

Scholarship Award, Poetry
Lawrence County High School

Your Tears

Jessica Kirby

I dare not ask you--
I only ask a part
Bring me--when dances leave the hall
Your aching heart
Give other friends your lighted face;
The laughter of the years
I came to crave a greater grace--
Bring me your tears.

Scholarship Award, Poetry
Lawrence County High School

Trees

Clint Goss

If trees could speak,
What would they say?
Put yourself in their roots for a day.
Feel what they feel.
The wind.
The sun's heat.
The moonshine.
The hug of a child, perhaps a grown-up.
The rain.
The snow.
A bolt of lightning.
A wrecked car of an unfortunate driver.
An ax.
A chainsaw.
Fire.
Nails.
A woodpecker.
Fungus.
The crawl of little critters.
The wrap of a bow.
The carving of a knife.
The death grip of autumn.
The renewal of spring.
Filthy air.
Flooded water.
Lawnmower blades.
Weedeater string.
Spray paint.
The weight of fruit or cones or acorns or buds.
Frost.
Dew.
They are probably speechless.

Second Place, Poetry
Brookhaven High School

Continuation

Talisha Atterberry

Offspring of my parents,
Descendant of my grands;
Bearing all their features,
A continuation is what I am.

Determination like my mother,
Hopeful, just like my father;
Inspiration to them both,
A continuation, almost a follower.

Looking at me is seeing them,
Proof of their love is me;
All that they are is what I am,
A continuation is what I'll forever be.

Just what I am is just what they were,
Something of somebody else.
As a knob is always part of a door,
A continuation of them forevermore.

Third Place, Poetry
Lawrence County High School

APPENDIX

25 Years of Winners

Name	Year	Position	Type
Terry Goetz	1979	1 st	Cover Design
Terrell Oliver	1979	1 st	Formal essay
Tommy Douglas	1979	1 st	Informal Essay
Roy King	1979	2 nd	Formal Essay
Anita Weeks	1979	2 nd	Story
Tammy Lyon	1979	H.M.	Story
Sharon Smith	1980	2 nd	Poetry
Tammy Lyon	1980	3 rd	Drama
Gloria Stone	1980	3 rd	Formal Essay
Tammy Lyon	1980	3 rd	Poetry
Hugh Bush	1980	H.M.	Formal Essay
Don Hardy	1981	1 st	Cover Design
Sarah Williamson	1981	1 st	Informal Essay
Tammy Smith	1981	1 st	Story
Lisa Phillips	1981	2 nd	Formal Essay
Lisa Phillips	1982	1 st	Informal essay
Tammy Smith	1982	1 st	Story
Tammy Smith	1982	3 rd	Drama
Marv Bunch	1982	H.M.	Drama
Glen Hearn	1982	H.M.	Poetry
Sandra Cooper	1983	1 st	Story
Kathy Harralson	1983	H.M.	Formal Essay
Gloria Kellums	1983	H.M.	Informal Essay
Charles Cunningham	1983	H.M.	Informal Essay
Annette Savorese	1983	H.M.	Poetry
Keith Smith	1984	1 st	Cover Design
Susan Boyd	1984	1 st	Informal Essay
Sandra Cooper	1984	1 st	Story
Deborah Hooper	1984	3 rd	Formal Essay
Michelle Smith	1984	3 rd	Informal Essay
Kathy Harralson	1984	H.M.	Formal Essay
Melissa Lewis	1985	1 st	Story

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Brenda Brewer	1985	H.M.	Formal Essay
Barbara Boone	1985	H.M.	Informal Essay
Peggy Morrill	1985	H.M.	Poetry
Karen Wolfrum	1985	H.M.	Poetry
Melissa Lewis	1986	1st	Informal Essay
Karen Wolfrum	1986	2 nd	Drama
Melissa Lewis	1986	3 rd	Story
Melissa Lewis	1986	H.M.	Formal Essay
Stacy Reid	1986	H.M.	Formal Essay
Karen Wolfrum	1986	H.M.	Poetry
Chris Nesmith	1987	1 st	Formal Essay
Pam Cagle	1987	H.M.	Drama
Andrea L. Davis	1987	H.M.	Story
Kin Weathersby	1988	1 st	Informal Essay
James Paul McInnis	1988	1 st	Story
Pat Wilson	1989	1 st	Literary Essay
MICROCOSM	1989	1 ST	Literary Magazine
Katrina Castilaw	1989	H.M.	Drama
Jim Montgomery	1989	H.M.	Drama
Beth Hickman	1989	H.M.	Essay
Cindy Crews	1989	H.M.	Literary Essay
Shelley Grenn	1989	H.M.	Story
MICROCOSM	1990	2 ND	Literary Magazine
Fritz Games	1990	3 rd	Drama
Pat Wilson	1990	3 rd	Story
Micki Freels	1990	H.M.	Drama
Carolyn Rudder	1990	H.M.	Poetry
Casey Campbell	1990	H.M.	Story
MICROCOSM	1991	2 ND	Literary Magazine
Allen Cooper	1991	3 rd	Drama
Stacy Barham	1991	H.M.	Drama
Kathy Odom	1991	H.M.	Literary Essay
Micki Freels	1991	H.M.	Poetry
Carolyn Rudder	1991	H.M.	Poetry
BITS AND PIECES	1992	1 ST	In-House Publishing
MICROCOSM	1992	1 ST	Literary Magazine
Allen Cooper	1992	3 rd	Drama

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Keshelia Calcote	1992	3rd	Story
Jennifer Burda-Steinwinder	1993	2 nd	Drama
MICROCOSM	1993	2 ND	Literary Magazine
Eva E. Allen	1993	H.M.	Poetry
Shelley Herrington	1993	H.M.	Poetry
Deborah Johnson	1993	H.M.	Story
BITS AND PIECES	1994	1 ST	In House Publishing
Dasha Allred	1994	1 st	Literary Essay
Larissa Thames	1994	1 st	Poetry
Jennifer Burda-Steinwinder	1994	2 nd	Drama
Sandra Dickey	1994	2 nd	Essay
Shelley Herrington	1994	3 rd	Poetry
Bella Barham-Douglas	1994	H.M.	Literary Essay
June Coglin	1994	H.M.	Short Story
BITS AND PIECES	1995	1 ST	In House Publishing
MICROCOSM	1995	3 RD	Literary Magazine
Bella Barham-Douglas	1995	3 rd	Poetry
Francis Lee	1995	H.M.	Essay
Robin White	1996	1 st	Drama
BITS AND PIECES	1996	1 ST	In House Publishing
Robin White	1996	1 st	Poetry
MICROCOSM	1996	2 ND	Literary Magazine
Jessica Roach	1996	3 rd	Essay
Cecile Chapman	1996	H.M.	Drama
Lyn Reynolds	1996	H.M.	Drama
Scott Reynolds	1996	H.M.	Drama
Robin White	1996	H.M.	Poetry
Danny Shupe	1997	1 st	Cover Design
BITS AND PIECES	1997	1 ST	In house Publishing
MICROCOSM	1997	1 ST	Literary Magazine
Susie Agerton	1997	2 nd	Drama
Jerry Keene	1997	3 rd	Literary Essay
Rebecca Martin	1997	H.M.	Drama
Amy Keywood	1997	H.M.	Essay
Corey Hux	1997	H.M.	Story

Oops!

This essay is a 1997 winner from the high school competition. It is a rare occurrence to receive two essays with the exact title, but last year we had such an occurrence to happen. Both Amy Harrington, a Co-Lin freshman this year, and Caroline Bryant, a student at Copiah Academy, submitted winning essays entitled, "My Grandfather." The *Microcosm* staff inadvertently published Amy's essay with Caroline as the author and omitted Caroline's essay and Amy's name. In this issue of *Microcosm* we are now publishing Caroline's essay. To Amy and Caroline, we sincerely apologize for our mistake. Now, long overdue, please enjoy Caroline Bryant's essay about her grandfather.

My Grandfather

Caroline Bryant

Big Pete is what I call my grandfather. I call him that because my uncle's name is Pete also, and when I was little I called my grandfather Big Pete and my uncle Little Pete. Big Pete is the person I look up to more than anyone else in the world. He and I are a lot alike, and he communicates better with me than with any of his other grandchildren. He is very outspoken and a very strong man. He means the world to me, and I love him more than anything. He and my grandmother have been married for about fifty-four years. It has been rough, especially lately. My grandmother has been very sick for the past three years, and he has had to care for her all the time. He doesn't really have all the time that she needs so he has to hire a sitter to stay with her. It's hard for him, but you never hear him complain.

Big Pete and I have a tradition that we have been carrying out for about thirteen years. Ever since I was about three, Big Pete, my sister, and I would eat at Pizza Hut every Saturday for lunch. We only miss if one of us is out of town. We never let anyone else go. Neither grandmother nor my mother was ever allowed to come. When we would go eat, we would talk about when he was in the war or just about my Yankee cousins who live in Virginia. Let's just say he likes Yankees, but he would kill himself before he ever became one.

I can remember times when I was little I would act up in church or start a ruckus in a restaurant, and he was always the one to "deal with me." He

would take me out and wear me out, but he was Big Pete and I didn't care. I never held a grudge like I did with my mama if she ever had to spank me. I always used to spend the night with him, and we would stay up and watch "Super Dave" on television. It was really a dumb show, but we loved it. He would never let me fall asleep and miss the end because that was the best part. That was when Dave would hurl himself through the air on a bungee cord of some sort and fall flat on his face and appeared to be fine when he would get up.

Just this weekend Big Pete got sick. He had a stroke Saturday morning, and we missed our date for Pizza Hut. He is okay, but he surely scared the mess out of everyone. He was just doing more than he should and his body just gave out on him. I guess it's been very stressful trying to care for my grandmother. I went to the hospital Sunday with Mama to see him. He looked fine and happy. He acted just normal, and I'm very glad for that. The doctors said that there would be no lasting side effects of any kind. Now I just want him to come home, to be home and rested in time for next weekend's pizza outing.

In my eyes Big Pete is a very extraordinary man. He is everything I want to be when I get old. He is my role model, and without him I don't think I could make it. He has influenced my life in such a way no one else ever could. Because he has gotten sick just now, I have come to realize how much he means to me. Big Pete and I share a relationship that I could never share with anyone else. He holds a special place in my heart and he always will. Forever.



Illustrator: Charles Hocker

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